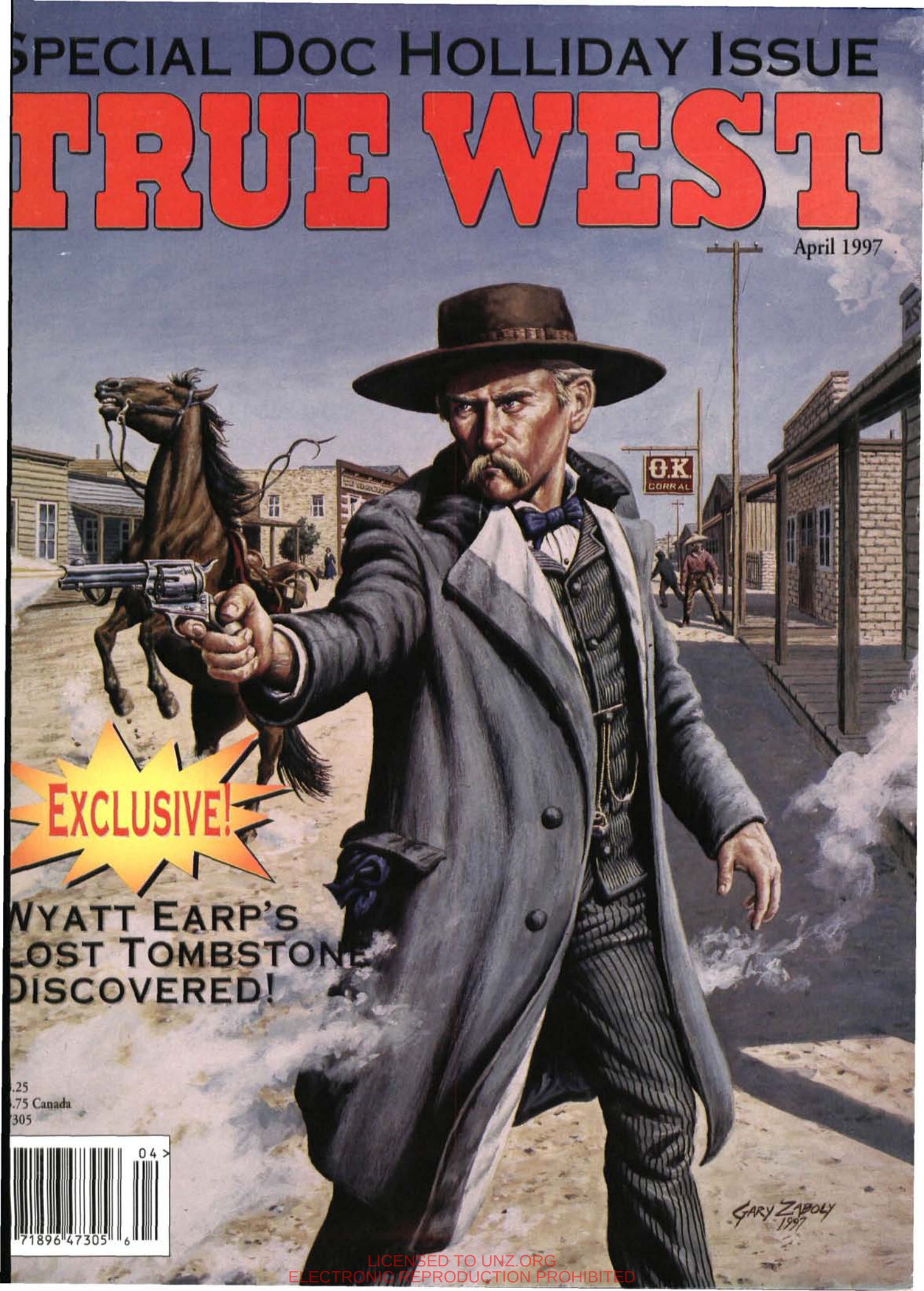
SPECIAL DOC HOLLIDAY ISSUE

TRUE WEST

April 1997



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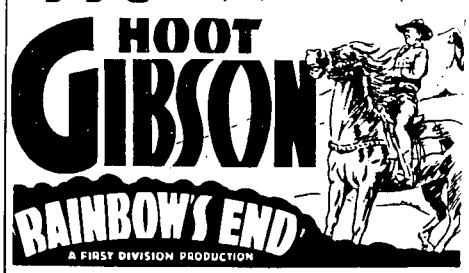


Sinister Six-Gun's 35mm Collection

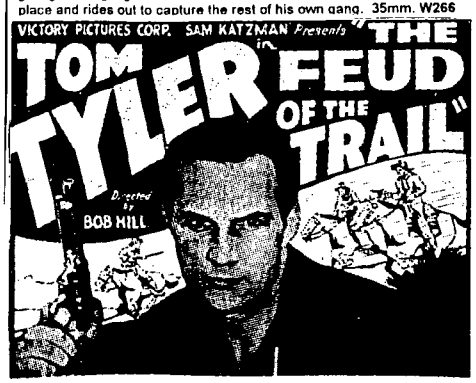
All titles on this page were coverted to 3/4" video master from original 35mm theatrical prints — many of them for the first time. You've simply never seen these films on video before until you've seen our copies!

ROLL ON TEXAS MOON (1946, Republic) Roy Rogers, Dale Evan, Gabby Hayes, Bob Nolan, Dennis Hoey ,Kenne Duncan. UNCUT! This was the first of 27 Rogers films directed by serial veteran William Witney, who brought to them more action and livelier pacing in favor of songs and gaudy costumes. Plot concerns a bloody dispute between cattlemen and sheepherders. It's up to Roy and the boys to prevent an all-out range war in this polished, highly entertaining Republic production. One great scene has Evans driving down a narrow canyon. Suddenly, her car goes out of control, shoots over the edge, and crashes into a raging river below! 35mm. W281

RAINBOW'S END (1935, First Division) Hoot Gibson, June Gale, Buddy Roosevelt, Warner Richmond, John Elliott. This is without a doubt one of Hoot's finest westerns. He finds himself in the awkward position of helping out a rancher at odds with Hoot's own father. The real problem it turns out is daddy's crooked partner who's out to undermine the rancher and scarf up his property. Good script, good cast, good acting--this is a marvelous blend of B western action and Gibson's engaging country humor. Recommended. 35mm. W113

BULLDOG COURAGE (1936, Puritan) Tim McCoy, Joan Woodbury, Paul Fix, Eddie Buzzard. This very interesting McCoy film has Tim playing a phantom outlaw who steals gold shipments from stagecoaches in retaliation for having lost his gold mine to an unscrupulous banker on a legal technicality. He is tracked down and fatally wounded by a posse. Years later, his son (also played by Tim) comes back to tangle with the crooked banker. Most of Tim's films for Puritan were pretty good, and this one is no exception. 35mm. W111

FEUD OF THE TRAIL (1937, Victory) Tom Tyler, Harlene Wood, Dick Alexander. After rescuing a man robbed by outlaws, Tom finds out some startling news: It seems the leader of the gang is a dead ringer for him! Tom sets out to track the bandit down. There's a gunfight; the gang leader is killed. Tom then takes the dead bandit's place and rides out to capture the rest of his own gang. 35mm. W266



THE GUN RANGER (1936, Supreme/Republic) Bob Steele, Eleanor Stewart, John Merton, Ernie Adams, Earl Dwire, Budd Buster, Wally Wales. Bob plays a lawdog who, along with the rest of the town, awaits a verdict on a local badman being tried for murder. The whole town is shocked when the killer is freed on a technicality which was set up by the killer's lawyer and a crooked district attorney. Bob resigns from the Rangers in disgust and promises to act as judge, jury, and executioner as he rids the town of the low-lifes. Another well made A.W. Hackel production made for Republic. From 35mm. W264

THE LIGHT OF WESTERN STARS (1940, Paramount) Russell Hayden, Victor Jory, Jo Ann Sayers, Noah Beery, Jr., Tom Tyler, Eddie Dean, Alan Ladd. A big-name cast is featured in this quality Paramount western thriller. Jory plays a hard-drinking, reckless cowboy who finds himself at odds with a crooked sheriff and a notorious gun runner to Mexico. A nice array of western characters compliments the action-laden proceedings. From 35mm. W274

STORMY TRAILS (1936, Colony) Rex Bell, Bob Hodges, Lois Wilde, Lane Chandler, Earl Dwire, Karl Hackett. Rex gets into a gunfight during a bank robbery and shoots one of the thieves in self-defense. However, the dead bandit is one of Rex's ex-ranch hands who was suing him. Rex is arrested on suspicion of murder. Rustlers, robberies, jailbreaks, stampedes, etc., are all part of this enjoyable B western thriller. From a beautiful 35mm print. W263

THE FIGHTING PARSON (1933, Allied) Hoot Gibson, Marceline Day, Skeeter Bill Robbins, Charlie King. Hoot and Skeeter are cowpokes on the lam after being caught playing craps with loaded dice. Hoot finds the clothes and identification papers of a parson on the desert floor and decides to assume the holy man's identity. He hits town right before a hanging, but convinces the townspeople to be forgiving and let the outlaw go, Hoot will be responsible for him. The truth of the matter is that the outlaw knows Hoot's real identity and threatens to blow his cover unless he steps in and saves him. A very amusing Gibson film. The scene where Charlie King forces the real parson to disrobe at gunpoint is pretty hilarious. 35mm. W253

THE COWBOY COUNSELOR (1932, Allied) Hoot Gibson, Sheila Mannors, Skeeter Bill Robbins, Bobby Nelson, Fred Gilman, Jack Rutherford. Another superior Gibson action-comedy. Hoot plays a con-man posing as a frontier lawyer who goes around town selling a bogus law book. Things get serious though when he agrees to defend a young man falsely accused of a stagecoach robbery. The courtroom scenes that follow are quite amusing. Hoot's only able to establish reasonable doubt in the jury's mind after he dons the scarf of the real bandit and commits another robbery. There's just one problem: The stagecoach he robs just happens to be the one the trial judge is riding on. Uh-oh! Cute, clever, and funny. Recommended. 35mm. W260

SUNSET SERENADE (1942, Republic) Roy Rogers, Gabby Hayes, Helen Parrish, Onslow Stevens, Joan Woodbury. UNCUT! A tiny infant boy inherits a huge ranch. Stevens and Woodbury are shifty characters trying get their slimy hands on the property. Roy faces grave danger trying to protect the baby boy's right of property. One terrific scene has Roy rescuing a wounded man in a narrow canyon when a nearby damn is suddenly dynamited! A monstrous wall of water comes rushing down on top of them. From 35mm. W276

THE IDAHO KID (1936, Colony) Rex Bell, Dave Sharpe, Marion Shilling, Lane Chandler, Charlie King, Lafe McKee, Earl Dwire. Rex plays a roaming cowboy who wanders back to his home town after many years, having run away at an early age. He is not recognized by either his natural father or his stepfather, both of whom have a feud against each other. Can he keep his two "parents" from killing each other? It's not going to be easy. From 35mm. W265

THUNDER OVER TEXAS (1934, Beacon) Guinn "Big Boy" Williams, Marion Shilling, Helen Westcott, Claude Payton. A man is brutally murdered in a struggle over some valuable railroad maps which contain prized information about the proposed location of a new railroad line. The killers will do anything to obtain them, including threatening the life of the murdered man's young daughter. Guinn sets out to protect her and track the killers down. From 35mm. W254

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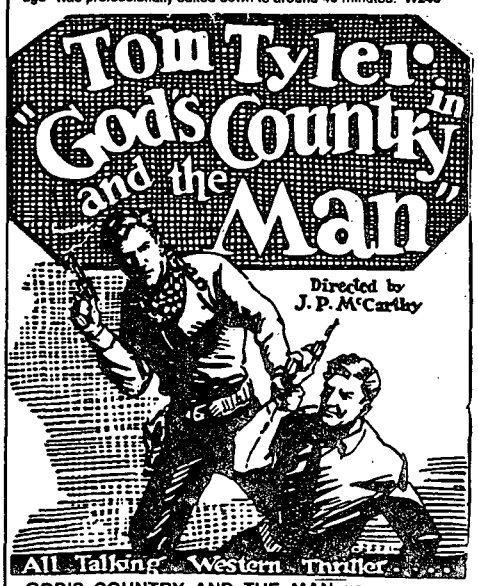
MORE SINISTER SIX-GUN TITLES

BEYOND THE LAW (1930, Syndicate) Lane Chandler, Robert Frazer, Charlie King, Louise Lorraine. A border saloon--half in Nevada, half in California--is a hangout for a nasty gang of frontier gangsters. Chandler and Frazer get mixed up in things when the gang's leader literally falls into their laps. Very rare. 16mm. W242

CANYON HAWKS (1930, Big 4) Yakima Canutt, Wally Wales, Buzz Barton, Rene Borden. *First time on video!* This is the closest that Yak ever came to playing a lead, hero role in a talkie B western. Yak comes to the aid of some embattled sheepherders. Long thought to be lost, our master was taken from a rare 16mm print, which--years ago--was professionally edited down to around 40 minutes. W243



GOD'S COUNTRY AND THE MAN (1931, Syndicate, aka TRAIL OF THE LAW) Tom Tyler, Gabby Hayes, Betty Mack, Al Bridge. Next to BORN TO BATTLE, this is the best Tyler western we've seen to date. Tom is a tough special agent sent to a lonely border town to bring in Livermore, one of the most ruthless criminals in the region. Livermore--a really *bad* dude--plays a death waltz on the violin to his victims before slaying them. Gabby is great as Tom's outlaw pal. Will they come back alive? Not the kind of ending you'd expect. Much better-than-usual cinematography (almost Germanic in places) with many striking interior shots of Livermore's crude, yet *lavish saloon. No relation to the '37 Tom Keene film. 16mm.* W244

CALL OF THE ROCKIES (1931, Syndicate) Ben Lyon, Marie Prevost, Russell Simpson, Anders Randolph. *First time on video!* A trio of nomadic outlaws join a wagon train passing over the Rockies. They scheme with a band of indians to attack and plunder the settlers in this incredibly rare western thriller. From 16mm. W245

WHISTLIN' DAN (1932, Tiffany) Ken Maynard, Joyzelle Joyner, Georges Renevant, Don Terry. A great B western. A powerful desperado named Karloff holds Ken's saddle-pal for ransom. Ken's got until sundown to deliver $5000 or his buddy will be executed! Ken doesn't make it in time (the execution scene is an eye-opener). Ken swears to track down and kill the murderous renegade in what is probably Ken's best western for Tiffany studios. From 16mm. W246

THE TEXAN (1932, Principal Attraction) Buffalo Bill, Jr., Lucile Browne, Jack Mower, Bobby Nelson, Yakima Canutt. Compared to *his later work for Superior Pictures, this early Buffalo Bill, Jr. western* isn't all that bad. The plot has Bill being wanted by the law and becoming involved with a crooked horse race scheme. 16mm. W247

MYSTERY RANCH (1932, Reliable) George O'Brien, Cecilia Parker, Charles Middleton, Roy Stewart, Noble Johnson. A horror western if there ever was one, gothic and Germanic in a way not ever approached by any other B western. Middleton is unforgettable as a maniacal ranch baron who considers himself the self-appointed lord of his region. O'Brien is in top form as the special agent sent in to stop his nefarious schemes (none of George's predecessors have ever come back). Johnson is excellent as Mudo, Middleton's monstrous, murdering henchman. Dark, creepy, and intense. Any fan of '30s horror will be impressed. One helluva western, too. 16mm. W248

GOLD (1932, Majestic) Jack Hoxie, Alice Day, Hooper Atchley, *Tom London, Lafe McKee. Jack sells his gold mine to an old-timer,* then blows his money partying. When the old-timer is found murdered and his money stolen, Jack becomes the prime suspect. 16mm. W249

WAR OF THE RANGE (1933, Freuler/Monarch) Tom Tyler, Lane Chandler, Caryl Lincoln. FIRST TIME ON VIDEO! Here's one that hasn't been around since the earliest days of TV. Tom plays a *cowpuncher who tries to avert a range war between his stubborn* father and a shifty rancher. Tom's told to hit the road by Dad though, when he defends a nester family settling on their land. 16mm. W252

THE LONE AVENGER (1933, World Wide) Ken Maynard, Muriel Gordon, Charlie King, Al Bridge. Ken's dad, a prominent banker, is found dead, supposedly from suicide. Ken thinks otherwise and sets out to prove it. The final showdown scene is excellent as the antagonists wait inside a saloon on a dark, *very* dark, rainy night. The nail-biting suspense that builds is quite effective and most unusual for your average B western. A nice effort. Recommended. 16mm. W251

COWBOY MILLIONAIRE (1935, Atherton/Fox) George O'Brien, Evelyn Bostock, Edgar Kennedy, Alden Chase. George is a dude ranch cowboy who falls for a classy British broad. A scheme to take his gold mine away eventually lands him in England where he confronts the bad guy and wins the hand of his lady fair. 16mm. W255

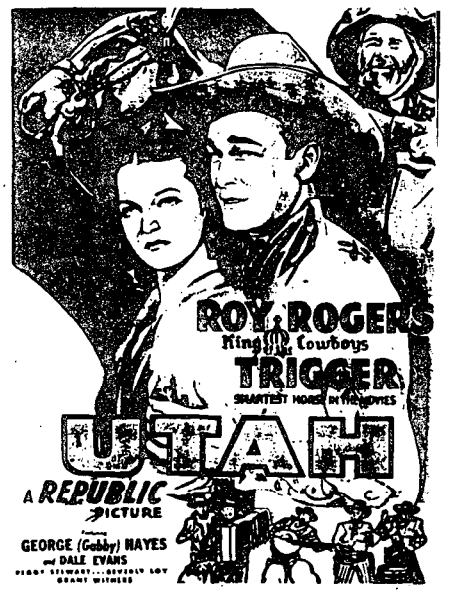
HIS FIGHTING BLOOD (1935, Ambassador) Kermit Maynard, Polly Ann Young, Paul Fix, Ted Adams. Kermit's films for Ambassador were some of the best B westerns of the mid-thirties. In this entertaining action piece, Kermit finds his brother falling in with thieves. They eventually order him to kill Kermit! From 16mm. W256

OUTLAW RULE (1935, Kent) Reb Russell, Yakima Canutt, Betty Mack, Jack Rockwell, John McGuire. A rancher, frustrated by cattle rustling and apathetic law enforcement, shoots the local sheriff dead. Or does he? Reb tries to sort things out. From 16mm. W257

BIG BOY RIDES AGAIN (1935, Beacon) Guinn Williams, Connie Bergen. Guinn's the heir to the estate of his dad, who was shot by a masked killer. Who did it? An "old dark ranch" forgotten horrors style thriller, complete with leering chinamen, masked figures peering through windows, secret trapdoors, hidden cellars, etc. 16mm. W241

THUNDERBOLT (1935, Regal) Kane Richmond, Bobby Nelson, Lafe McKee. In a small western town, a pair of crooked deputies steal a gold shipment and murder a young boy's father. Kane gets the blame, but the boy and his dog set out to track the real killer down. Very rare and probably first time on video. 16mm. W258

BRANDED A COWARD (1935, Supreme) Johnny Mack Brown, Billie Seward, Syd Saylor. As a boy, Johnny witnesses the *massacre of his entire family by outlaws, but he does nothing even* though he holds a gun in his hand. 20 years later he is known as a coward until an outlaw called, "The Cat" comes to town. 16mm. W259



HAIR TRIGGER CASEY (1936, Atlantic) Jack Perrin, Betty Mack. Jack's a cowboy cop that comes home to his ranch to find himself up against a Chinese smuggling racket. A nice blend of yellow peril and western themes. From a knockout 16mm print. W260

THE TRAITOR (1936, Puritan) Tim McCoy, Wally Wales, Frances Grant. Tim's a hard-nosed Texas Ranger. His captain fires him for cowardice! It's all a put-on, though, as Tim tracks down a *western crime boss known as "Big George." Good fun. 16mm.* W261

BLAZING JUSTICE (1936, Spectrum) Bill Cody, Gertrude Messinger, Gordon Griffith. Bill' a cowhand who captures a couple of rustlers. There's a reward, too--$5000! He starts out on vacation but runs into trouble & ends up getting accused of murder! 16mm. W262

WILD HORSE RODEO (1937, Republic) Bob Livingston, Ray Corrigan, Max Terhune. A superior 3 Mesquiteers epic.. Stoney's a hot rider on the rodeo circuit. He returns home to track down a legendary wild horse known as "Cyclone." Stoney wants him for the rodeo; Tucson says no. Stunning Lone Pine locations. 16mm. W267

THE LAW COMMANDS (1937, Crescent) Tom Keene, Lorraine Hayes, Bud Buster, John Merton. Night riders are killing and *terrorizing homesteaders all over the region. Tom's a doctor who tries* to keep the homesteaders from taking the law into their own hands. Soon after though, another settler is killed, further enraging Tom and the townfolk. Tom soon gets a star pinned on his shirt. 16mm. W268

RIDIN' THE LONE TRAIL (1937, Supreme/Republic) Bob Steele, Claire Rochelle, Charlie King, Ernie Adams. Stagecoaches *are being robbed by a gang of thieves headed by a mysterious hooded* killer who rides a great white horse known as "White Peril." Lawman Bob is brought in to investigate. He discovers the horse belongs to the girl he has a crush on. Who's really guilty? A terrific climax features Bob and the killer duking it out on an electric hand-car. Suddenly the sound of an on-coming train is heard! 16mm. W269

PANAMINT'S BAD MEN (1938, Principal) Smith Ballew, Evelyn Daw, Noah Beery, Sr. A slick Ballew western. This time he's a marshal out to round up a gang of badass bank robbers. The leader's a corrupt saloon owner played to the hilt by Beery. From 16mm. W271

WHERE THE WEST BEGINS (1938, Monogram) Jack Randall, Luana Walters, Fuzzy Knight, Budd Buster. Jack plays a ranch foreman for a young girl who doesn't really care much about her ranch (she wants to become a New York actress). Her apathy is soon the target of rustlers and a shifty land speculator.. From 16mm. W270

WESTBOUND STAGE (1939, Monogram) Tex Ritter, Nelson McDowell, Muriel Evans, Nolan Willis. A wagon train crossing the *plains comes across the remains of three other wagon trains that have* been sacked by looters. They, too, are soon attacked. 16mm. W272

GUN CODE (1940, PRC) Tim McCoy, Ina Guest, Lou Fulton, Alden Chase, Ted Adams. A gang of extortionists are squeezing blood money out of a small town in return for "protection." When a local citizen threatens to expose the gang's leader, he is murdered. The victim is Tim's dad! All hell soon breaks loose. 16mm. W273

LONE STAR LAWMEN (1941, Monogram) Tom Keene, Sugar Dawn, Betty Miles, Frank Yaconelli. Outlaws are out of control! Another border town needs cleaning up, and Tom's just the man to do it. Yaconelli has a hilarious scene with an accordion. 16mm. W275

THE SOMBRERO KID (1942, Republic) Don "Red" Barry, Lynn Merrick, Robert Homans. Don's adopted father, a U.S. Marshal, is murdered by a high-handed town boss. Don poses as an outlaw to infiltrate the gang and bring the killer to justice. 16mm. W277

TRAIL RIDERS (1942, Monogram) John King, Dave Sharpe, Max Terhune, Evelyn Finley, Charlie King. The sheriff of Gila Springs is gunned down by outlaws, leaving the town wide open to corruption. The Range Busters ride in to clean things up. From 16mm. W278

THE DRIFTER (1944, PRC) Buster Crabbe, Al St. John, Carol Parker, Kermit Maynard. Buster is good in a rare "good guy-bad guy" dual role. The good guy is a Robin Hood type riding the range and helping others. The bad guy is a notorious bank robber who cashes in on the good guy's reputation. A better-than-usual PRC. 16mm. W279

UTAH (1945, Republic) Roy Rogers, Dale Evans, Gabby Hayes, Grant Withers. UNCUT! Considered one of Roy's finest films. Dale plays a city gal who comes home to the family ranch with the intention of selling it. Roy and Gabby do their best to dissuade her. Withers is the villain out to snatch up the property. A nice mix of action, comedy, and songs. Even if you're not big on songs you'll be captivated by some truly fine tunes by the Sons of the Pioneers. Slick. 16mm. W280

DEADLINE (1948, Yucca) Sunset Carson, Pat Starling, Lee Roberts, Stephen Keyes. A Pony Express rider uncovers some mysterious goings-on during the construction of a telegraph line. A murder is committed! Sunset gets the blame. From 16mm. W282

BORDER OUTLAWS (1950, Eagle Lion) Spade Cooley, Maria Hart, Bill Edwards. Spade's a dude ranch manager in this rare western about a mysterious masked outlaw known as "The Phantom Horseman." There's a $1000 reward on his head. 16mm. W283

Check out the Sinister Cinema catalog on the Internet. http://www.cinemaweb.com/sinister

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TRUE WEST

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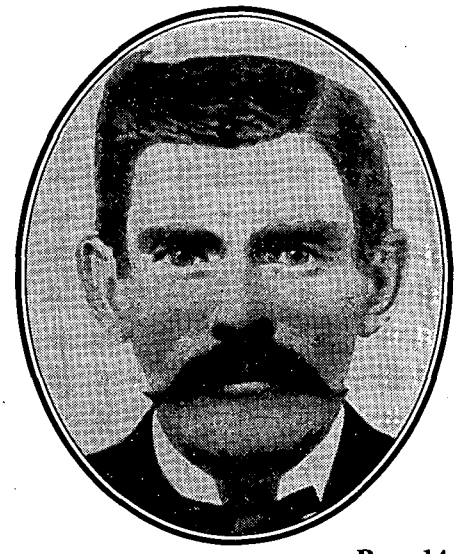

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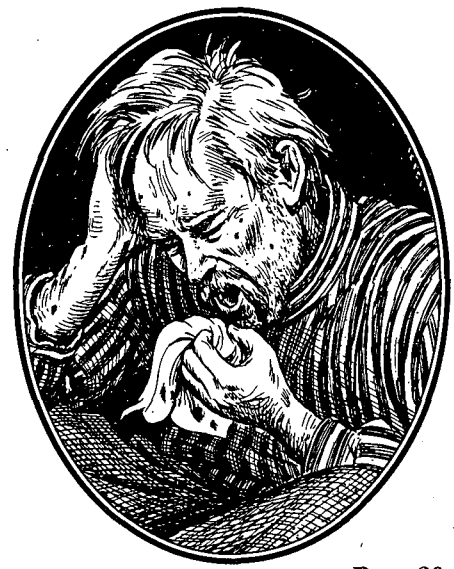

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By Gary Zaboly

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Marcus Huff
Editor

Chuck Kennedy
Associate Editor

Steven K. Gragert
Publisher & Advertising Director

Charlotte Brown
Circulation Manager

Linda Matheson
Circulation Assistant

David Lebow
Advertising Representative

Larry Vredenburgh
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FROM THE EDITOR

Howdy, ya'll!

I get the shimmy shakes just thinking about it. No, I'm not talking about forgetting my wedding anniversary or having the cable go out during the final moments of a football game. I'm talking about visiting the swivel-back chair of the modern-day dentist.

Nothing stands the hair on the back of my neck at attention like the thought of a "jawbreaker" jerking and grinding on my chompers.

Now take that evil scenario and jump in the way-back machine to 1870s Texas, and the office of one Georgia-born dentist by the name of John Henry Holliday. Surrounded by trays of mean and nasty tooth extracting devices, you sit as the good Doctor Holliday leans in to "take a closer look." His breath smells like a ginmill/slaughterhouse and he stops tugging at your mouth only long enough to have a tuberculosis-induced coughing fit into his silk hanky.

Pretty scary, huh?

Although we'll never get to experience Holliday's dental expertise (and how lucky we are), we can take a look at the life of one of the West's most intriguing players. Thanks to an apparent feud with Arizona cowboys and the resulting "blink of an eye" gunbattle that followed, we have learned volumes about Holliday. A friend to one of the most famous names in history, Holliday turned his association with Wyatt Earp into a full-blown chapter in western lore that just keeps getting bigger.

On the surface he was just another southern gentleman escaping to the West to calm an illness that plagued so many. But under his southern charm and fancy suit of clothes lurked a demon fueled by the pains of Reconstruction, lost love, and possibly the grim realization that his constant companion, a bloody cough, was driving him to madness.

The stories of Doc Holliday and the Earps' involvement in a vacant lot behind a corral in Tombstone have been told hundreds of times. I don't aim to repeat them now.

In this month's issue we're offering you a look at the "other" Doc Holliday: where he came from, his allegiances to the South and his friends, and the disease that did what no bullet could. So kick off your boots, sit back, and get ready for a visit to the dentist. As Holliday might have said, "This won't hurt a bit."

Before we get to Doc, however, we've got to take care of some unfinished business.

Back in the January issue I promised a *True West* coffee mug and one-year subscription to *Old West* to the winner of our "Name Our Cartoon" contest. Well, ya'll sent so many good monikers that it was a tough decision, but we finally made it.

Reader William House, of Port Townsend, Washington, will be enjoying his morning joe with a new coffee mug, thanks to his winning entry of "West Sketch."

Many thanks to those who sent their ideas. We enjoyed each and every one of 'em. For all those who still want that coffee cup, the big boss says we can let 'em go for five bucks apiece.

Now regarding the cartoon...I mean "West Sketch,"... I have some other news. William Henderson has moved up the ladder here at Western to regular contributing artist and won't be penning the cartoon anymore.

Starting next issue, "West Sketch" will be taken-over by artist Adam Wallenta.

Marcus Huff

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WEST SKETCH

BY WILLIAM HENDERSON

DOC HOLLIDAY: GAMBLER AND GUNFIGHTER

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And another thing...

As a subscriber to *True West* and *Old West* magazines, I feel a need to write and air some concerns I have regarding recent trends I have observed in your publications (especially *True West*). First off, let me just say that for the most part I enjoy both magazines.

However, I have several complaints. First of all, the covers of both magazines could stand to be a lot better. The recent covers have been at best amateurish illustrations of fake-looking "western" scenes. How about actual photo reproductions more often (how much more authentic can you get?)? Then, you have begun wasting pages for worthless and distorted cartoons of western personalities, and now even a crossword puzzle! Are these the best ideas you can come up with to fill the pages of your magazines? What next, a coloring page?

Although there have also been recent design problems (parts of articles deleted due to photo layouts overlapping, etc...), these seem to have been corrected. Apart from that, in the February 1997 issue three articles were printed with story lines from the twentieth century, one even as late as the 1920s! Maybe it's just me, but as soon as the advent of the automobile the true, old west was over. Will you now begin to publish stories about "cowboys" going off to fight in World War II?

Although I have recently renewed my subscriptions to both magazines, I will not be above asking for a refund if I discover these disturbing trends to continue.

And lastly, does the editor really have to address the readers in that "howdy, y'all" vernacular? Somehow I think that even readers from the nineteenth century would be a little insulted by that.—*Greg Ingold, Seiad Valley, California.*

Editor's Note: Thanks for the letter, Greg. We enjoy receiving all mail here at Western, both pro and con. I would like to address all of your concerns regarding our mags, but as editor it's my job to make decisions, not excuses.

However, I do feel compelled to reply to two of your "concerns." Regarding our covers, in my opinion, the artwork presented by *True* and *Old West* has in the past, and remains, some of the best around. Our artists go out of their way to make each piece as historically accurate as possible, and reader response has always indicated that they do a great job. I'm in total agreement.

As for my use of "Howdy y'all," well, if that insults you then I'm sorry. I was raised—and our magazines are published—in Oklahoma, a place where people still take the time to smile at strangers and get to know their neighbors. When we say "howdy y'all," it simply means that whoever you are and wherever you are from, you can expect to be treated like family. Just like our readers.

Lemme borrow that stick.

Congratulations on becoming the editor of my two favorite mags. I like, no better, I *love* what you have done. It is the best thing since sliced white bread.

Just keep up the good stuff and you won't be able to run the people off with a stick.—*Philip Keil, San Antonio, Texas.*

Your letters and comments are welcome. Please keep letters to 300 words or less. All letters received by Western Publications will be considered for publication unless otherwise stipulated in the letter. Space does not permit us to print all letters we receive. Be sure to include full name, address, and zip code. Photos are welcome. Address all letters to Western Publications, PO Box 2107, Stillwater, OK 74076. E-mail us at, Western@cowboy.net. Due to the volume of mail, we cannot forward correspondence to people whose letters appear in "Truly Western."

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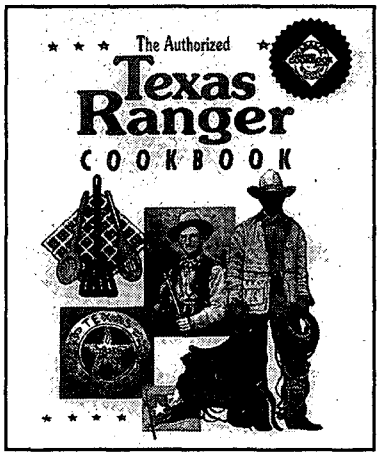

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Willcox Depot

by Phyllis de la Garza

In the late 1870s, the Southern Pacific railroad worked its way through southern Arizona Territory. At that time Willcox, Arizona, was known as Mahley's Camp, situated in the southwestern corner of Cochise County, about sixty miles from the New Mexico border. Here, in 1877, a railroad workers' headquarters was established on a right-of-way adjacent to a ranch owned by James Mahley. The track was finally laid through Mahley Camp on August 26, 1880. The first post office was established a few weeks later at "Mahley" on September 13.

Soon thereafter, General Orlando B. Willcox, ex-Civil War Union officer, and later United States Army commander for the Department of Arizona, came through Mahley on the train. General Willcox had been assigned to resolve the "Apache problem" in Arizona Territory. He was vastly popular among Arizona pioneers at the time. People hanging around Mahley Camp that day shouted "Willcox! Willcox!" when the train pulled in. Popular legend has it a newspaper reporter from Tucson, after hearing the shouts, wrote about the commander's visit to "Willcox." Thus the new camp's name was soon changed from Mahley to "Willcox."

In the 1880s Willcox was a tent city. Little more than a hovel of shacks, flies, stray dogs, and bone-weary freight teams and wagons can be seen in old photographs. In early 1880 Southern Pacific decided to build a depot on the site, number eighty-four on the Southern Pacific line. In 1881 the small community organized around the depot, filing a townsite application with the county probate court and the United States Land Office in Tucson. By the late 1880s Willcox became an important shipping and trade center for southern Arizona.

The original Willcox business district grew up beside the depot on Railroad Avenue. Saloons, hotels, restaurants, stables, warehouses, and a bank lined the dusty, rutted street. Ranching, farming, and mining were done in the region. The Willcox depot handled vast amounts of goods besides passenger service. Willcox was also the trade center for nearby military posts, including Forts Bowie, Grant, Rucker, and Thomas, as well as the San Carlos Apache Reservation.

Construction of the depot itself was done in three phases. First, in 1880-81 a two-story structure was built that included a stationmaster living quarters upstairs. In 1885 the freight warehouse, which included a concrete loading dock, was added. By 1915 a lobby and an office were added on the north side of the building.

Construction material used was California redwood, with a shake roof. The siding consisted of a six-inch-wide redwood shiplap. The building was originally painted Southern Pacific's standard yellow with brown trim. During the 1930s an outside stairway and balcony were added. In the 1940s the building was painted green in honor of the area's booming lettuce harvest.

When military posts in southern Arizona Territory began closing in the late 1890s, business in Willcox turned toward farming, mining, and cattle ranching. In 1896 alone approximately 25,000 cattle passed through the Willcox stock pens, to be loaded onto trains for market delivery. That same year Willcox led Tucson, its chief rival, in the number of cattle shipped by 661 head. Cattle shipments continued for the next thirty years. The depot was the

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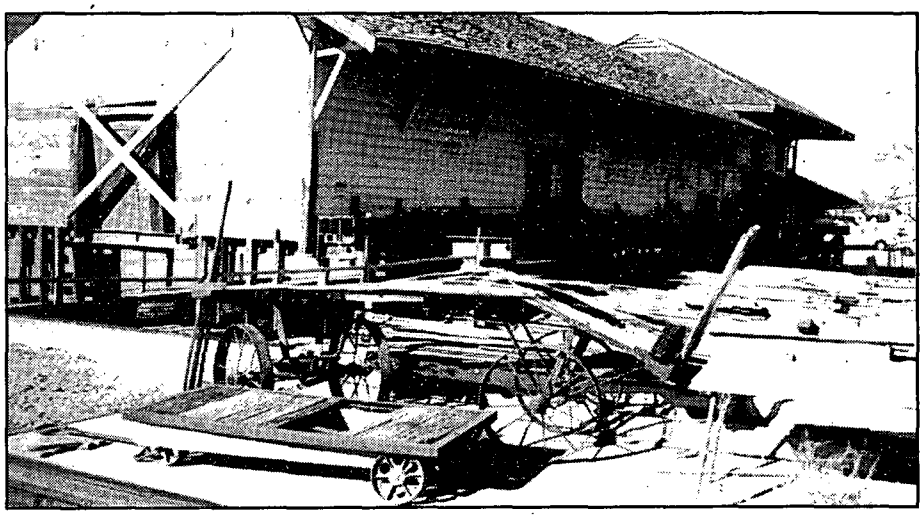
heartbeat of the community, telegraph and telephone wires humming day and night. By November 1934, Willcox had become known as the "Cattle Capitol of the Nation."

Willcox, a typical "Western railroad town," had its share of rip-roaring adventures centered around the depot. In 1895 Grant Wheeler and Joe George stopped a passenger train a few miles out of town. They blew up the safe but in the process demolished the express car. Their overdose of dynamite made such a mess of things, Mexican silver dollars were blasted all over the desert. For years later townsfolk hiking along the tracks were still picking up silver dollars. One coin was discovered deeply embedded in a telegraph pole.

In 1899 another passenger train was held up twelve miles out of town. Masked men dynamited the safe and got away with about $3,000. The robbers were eventually caught. It turned out that Willcox Sheriff Burt Alvord and his deputy, Bill Downing, were involved in the robbery plot.



Author's Collection

Willcox, Arizona, Southern Pacific Depot as it looks today.

In 1919 the town's depot again made headlines when Arizona Ranger Harry Wheeler captured a pair of murder suspects hiding near the building. Southeastern Arizona had been up in arms over a heinous murder known as the Plunkett-Kennedy affair, in which two ranch owners had been murdered by two of their own ranch employees. On a cold, rainy night, Ranger Wheeler, captured the pair huddled beside the tracks behind the Willcox depot. Some knife-wielding took place, but the lawman prevailed.

In the late 1960s, due to a business slow-down, Southern Pacific closed the depot and stationmaster apartment. The last agent/telegrapher and his family in residence moved out. One small section of the

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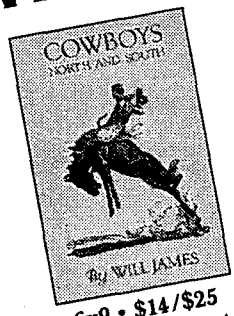

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building on the first floor remained in office use by Pacific Motor Trucking Company. A dock foreman was employed until late 1977, when the business closed. The entire building was locked up and then scheduled for demolition by Southern Pacific.

As the railroad company systematically demolished the old depots throughout southern Arizona, Willcox residents spoke of saving their building. As early as the 1970s members of the Sulphur Springs Valley Historical Society began thinking of ways to rescue the depot. But twenty more years would go by. While the building was locked, it nonetheless fell into disrepair. Peeling paint, broken windows, rattling boards, loosened shakes—each train rumbling by seemed to vibrate loose one more rusty nail. The place became a hideout for railroad transients. Honey bees assembled hives in the walls. A municipal skunk known as "Old Smeller" set up housekeeping under the floorboards.

Each time Southern Pacific fired a letter to the city of Willcox warning of depot demolition, various people resisted. This exchange went on for a number of years. As older residents died or moved away, younger people in town mostly considered the depot little more than an old junkpile and eyesore that needed to be removed.

During the mid-1980s, through the efforts of the Willcox Chamber of Commerce, Willcox became a Main Street Town. Interest increased in preserving the town's historic structures. Restoration of the old depot once again became a city priority. In spring 1988, members of the Sulphur Springs Valley Historical Society, with permission from Southern Pacific, gained entrance. A caretaker moved into the stationmaster's apartment. After scrubbing, sweeping, and decorating, historical society members dressed in period clothing and held an open house during the annual History Fest that year. During a potluck supper, town residents enjoyed an opportunity to tour the old depot and to hear stories of its heyday.

That night some older residents remembered the days when daily passenger trains brought the mail. They spoke of how inbound mail was dropped off and outbound picked up off a post by the railroad tracks where the mail sacks were hung. These sacks were yanked off the posts and flung into the baggage car as the train zoomed by.

Other old timers walked through the building reminiscing about the ticket window, the sleek wooden benches in the waiting room, the old telegraph key, silent now. Through this renewed interest among citizens of Willcox, along with a commitment from members of the Willcox city council, a compromise was finally reached with Southern Pacific. The railroad company agreed not to tear down the building if Willcox would move it for liability reasons away from the track. A sixty by three hundred foot lot on railroad Avenue was eventually purchased by the city of Willcox from Southern Pacific. A professional mover from Tucson was hired. In early November 1996, the old depot was literally picked up and moved forward approximately sixty feet away from the tracks.

Presently the building is being secured on a new foundation. Its eventual use might include a museum, city offices, a restaurant, a tourist information center, or a combination of any or all. Funding to complete restoration is coming from many sources, including private donations, grants, and the state lottery.

Western Roundup is a report on places to go and things to see associated with the history of the Old West. Submissions are welcome. Information on scheduled events should be submitted at least four months prior to the event. Items on historic places are also welcome. Send information including photos to: Western Roundup, Western Publications, P.O. Box 2107, Stillwater, OK 74076.

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Ruiz

I am a sixteen-year-old western enthusiast and all of my time revolves around western books, clubs, and pen pals.

In February 1996 a collector of memorabilia sent me an original Wells, Fargo reward poster from an 1875 California robbery. I wrote Wells, Fargo and was informed that the robber was one Ramon Ruiz whose life I am now researching.

Anyone with any information on Ruiz please contact me.—**Laura Jurry, 20 Venn Close, Stoke Fleming, South Devon, TQ6 OQL ENGLAND.**

Galligar

I am seeking information on Francis Galligar. He was from Great Britain, possibly Ireland. He was sent to prison in Australia between the years 1869-1875. He had one son named John. I have no other information, other than his prison sentence was for killing a man in a barroom brawl.—**Collette Gibson, 201 E. 100 N., Manti, Utah 84642.**

McKimmey

Looks like I roped the wrong calf. The name of the bad man I was looking for in the February "Trails Grown Dim" was McKimmey, *not* McKinney. I'm certainly sorry I led folks down the wrong trail, but if you'll forgive me I'll get off the booze, quit rustling, and stop shooting my guns off in town.—**John Harper, 10781 N. Athenia Drive, Citrus Springs, Florida 34434.**

Crum

I am certain that Jim Crum, a Missouri outlaw, is my great, great uncle, the brother of my great grandfather, Zachariah Crum. Jim Crum went to Califronia as an associate of Bill "The Grey Fox" Miner after the Civil War. My grandfather spent the Civil War in the Fourth Missouri Cavalry for the Confederacy. Jim Crum spent the years 1871-1878 and 1881-1884 in San Quentin.

Photo Courtesy of Lee Roy Maxey

Zachariah and Balinda Crum, around 1900.

My father, who died in 1971, knew about Jim Crum, the skeleton in my mother's family closet. All older family members are dead, so information is scarce to come by. Anything on Jim Crum would be appreciated.—**Lee Roy Maxey, 7420 Flora, St. Louis, Missouri 63143.**

Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient. Please print or type your query and limit letters to 150 words or less. Photos are welcome. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to above is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

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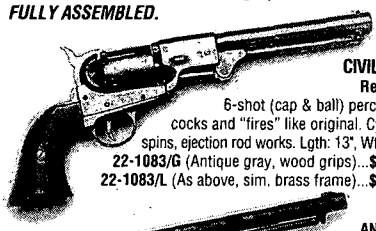

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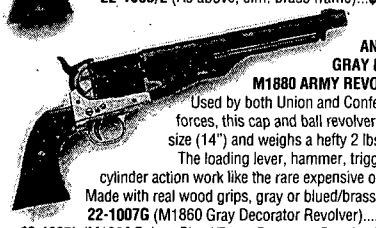

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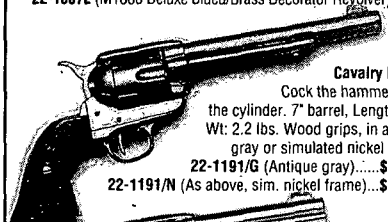
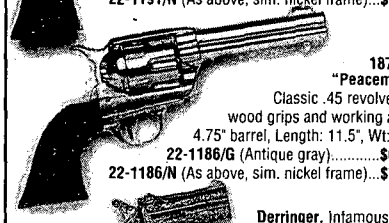


1873 Cavalry Pistol.
Cock the hammer, spin the cylinder. 7" barrel, Length: 13", Wt: 2.2 lbs. Wood grips, in antique gray or simulated nickel frame.
22-1191/G (Antique gray).....**$67 PPD**
22-1191/N (As above, sim. nickel frame)...**$72 PPD**



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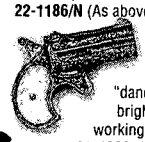

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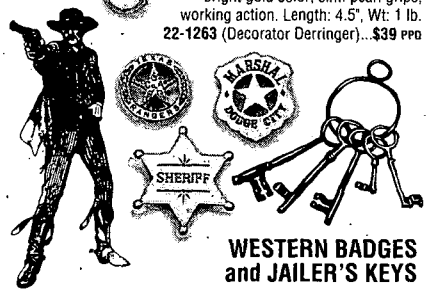
22-1263 (Decorator Derringer)...**$39 PPD**



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Cattle Annie

By Steve H. Bun

Some forty-five years ago, I used to pass by a house just off Cow Creek, about two blocks from where I operate this typewriter. On every occasion that we should drive this route, my grandfather would always remark, "Cattle Annie the outlaw used to live there, I knew her and talked to her many times."

At the time I was fascinated, but as the years rolled by, I filed that story with other Jesse James and

Archives and Manuscripts Division of the Oklahoma Historical Society

Cattle Annie (left) and Little Britches.

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ERIES

'ound!

Dalton-Doolin "had met tales" from many old timers in this area. It was a fact, however, that Cattle Annie was from this area, to be exact, Red Rock, Oklahoma Territory. I found a couple of stories written about "Cattle Annie" and "Little Britches." About all that I learned from sifting these tales, were the true names of these errant girls. Cattle Annie was Anna McDoulet, and Little Britches was a name that was tagged to Jennie Stevens. The same tale was repeated by so many different authors, that many times the roles of these girls were reversed. Most of the repeated daring and deadly banditry originated from the presses of a Guthrie newspaper and the gallant and heroic showmanship persona of Bill Tilghman. After reading the same stories about their exploits, the desperate capture, and the sentence to a reformatory "back east," I resigned myself to the reported ending that Jennie had returned to Oklahoma and obscurity, leaving Annie to expire of consumption, "back east."

I assumed that Annie's people had moved from the area, because none of the ten children nor the parents were buried in the Red Rock cemetery. James Clemens McDoulet, Annie's father was an attorney and esteemed justice in the town of Red Rock, and Rebecca Jane McDoulet, the mother of seven sons and three daughters, including Annie, was the respected and devoted wife of James.

Three years ago, I discovered both parents and two brothers are interred at Grace Hill Cemetery, at Perry, Oklahoma. A little research found that a Mrs. W.R. Roach had made the arraingements for the later two burials, those of brother, Willis, and the mother, Rebecca, in

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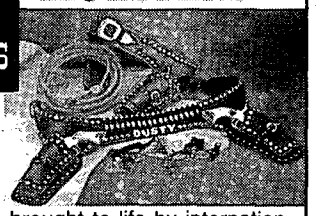

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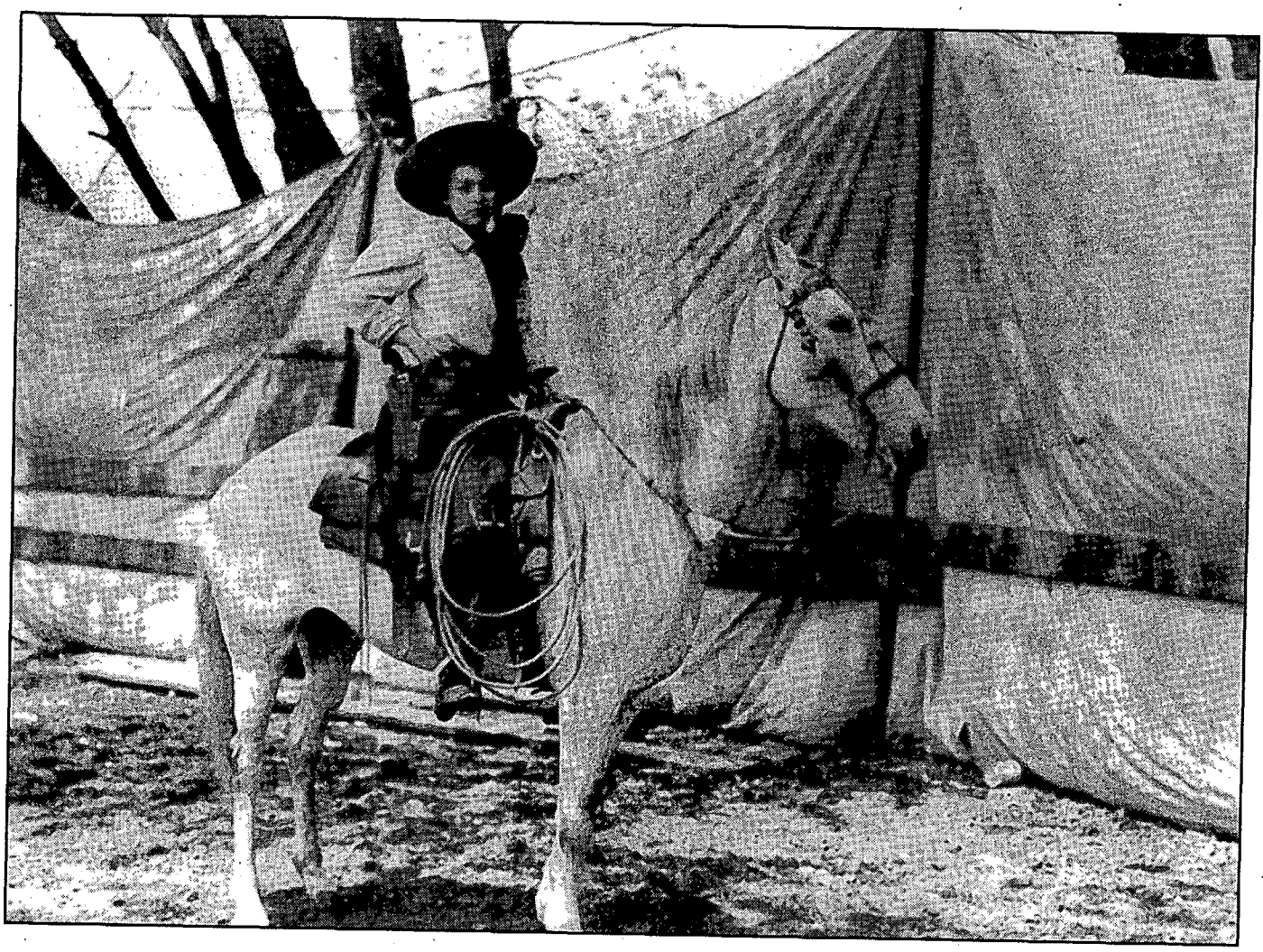

Emmaline Roach, aka "Cattle Annie" circa 1908.

Author's Collection

1943. I pondered the thought that this dutiful individual could be Cattle Annie, but no, she had reportedly expired from consumption "back east," remember?

In late summer 1995, almost a hundred years after Annie was captured and sent "back east," I discovered to my surprise, that the original homesite lots are still retained by members of the McDoulet family. Nothing remains standing on those lots in Red Rock but a couple of native cottonwood trees. The discovery of the lots connected me with members of the family, who in turn provided me with a trunkful of new and revealing facts. Anna Emmaline McDoulet, forever known as Cattle Annie, expired at the grand old age of ninety-five years, in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, November 9, 1978. Not only did she not die of consumption, she probably never had it.

Emma, as she is refered to by family members, was sent to a reformatory for women at Framingham, Massachusetts, in August of 1895. Records reflect that "Emma" was number 5655 in the receiving log and that she arrived on September 4. She was listed as single, one hundred twenty-two pounds, five feet three inches, and with an ulcer on one leg. The records also show her to be sixteen years of age. Maybe she didn't reveal her age to the court, or maybe they just didn't care at the time. My arithmatic puts her at thirteen years of age when she entered the reformatory. The often copied and obviously posed photo taken by Hughes Photography, Perry, Oklahoma Territory, really stretches ones imagination to make these two moppets daring and deadly.

Prison records list Annie's sentence to be one to two years for selling ardent spirits (whiskey) on the Pawnee and Osage reservations. Jennie arrived at a Massachusets reformatory almost two months later. United States Marshals' records show Jennie to be held back as a witness in some territory court action. The facts are that Jennie was released from the reformatory on October 7, 1896, and Annie remained until April 18, 1898. Records reflect that Annie showed a reluctance to return to her home in the territory, and Jennie might have had her sentence reduced for her service to the court.

A Perry newspaper reported the return of Jennie, her arrival on the Santa Fe railroad, her stay at the Pacific Hotel in Perry, and her intention to return to her father's farm at Sinnett, Oklahoma. I found no such coverage on Annie, but we

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do know that she did return to her home at Red Rock.

The next account I found on Annie was a record of marriage on March 13, 1901, at Perry. Anna Emmaline McDoulet listed her age as twenty years, and her residence as Red Rock. Earl Frost, the groom, gave his age as twenty-one and his residence as Perry. From this union came two sons at a two-year interval. The Frosts resided for about six or seven years, in the house where my grandfather said she had lived.

In October 1909, Earl sued Emma Anne for divorce. During this same time period, Annie joined the 101 Wild West Show with a horse she called Grey Eagle. I could not find any records that show how long Annie was with the show or any amount of success she had in this venture. I do know that Anna Emmaline later married W.R. Roach and they resided in Oklahoma City until his death. Annie lived as a widow from that point, described by her relatives and numerous friends, as a devoted Christian and a stalwart of her church. Aged into her nineties, she was considered a person of much energy and modern thought. She died, and was buried in Oklahoma City in 1978.

History records Cattle Annie as a daring and dangerous sixteen-year-old, rustling cattle and selling whiskey to Indians, on horseback and heavily armed. The fact is that a thirteen-year-old moppet named Anna Emmaline McDoulet received a very severe sentence for a very common crime.

Emma must have enjoyed some pleasure in reading or viewing the false depictions of her short career.

Perhaps one day history will reveal new facts to allow us to follow Jennie's last trail as well.

Steve Bunch is a former Perry, Oklahoma, sheriff. He is currently continuing his research on Oklahoma outlaws and lawmen. This is his first article for True West.

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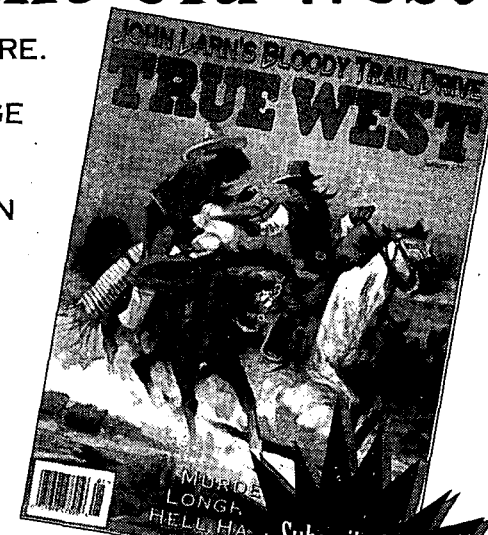

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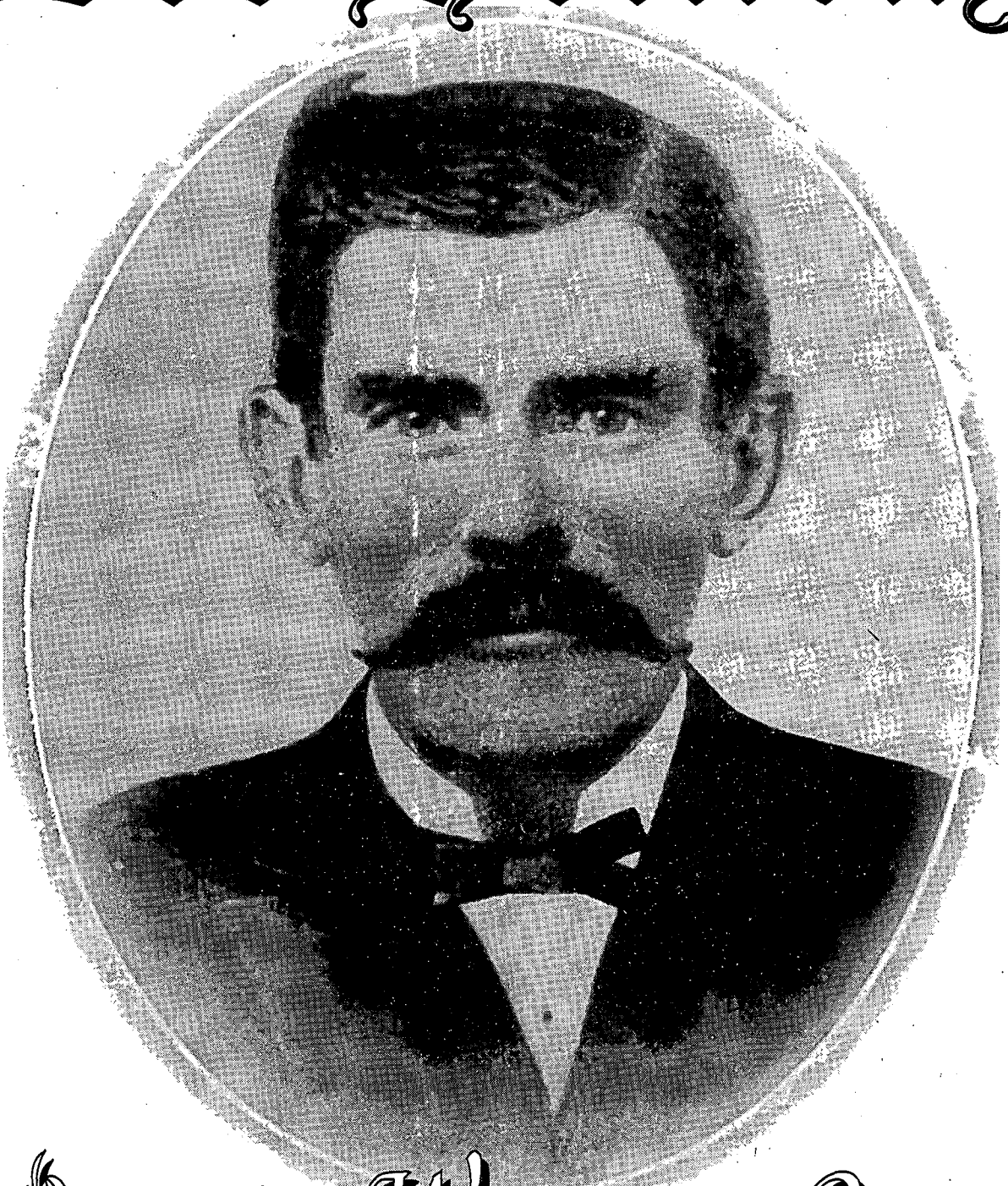
Doc Holliday



Roy Goble Collection

THE WHIPIT GUN

By Rick Cartledge

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The term "whipit" comes to us from the Old West. Men made whipits by taking the sawed off shotgun one step beyond. They severely chopped the shotgun both fore and aft to bring it down to a length in the neighborhood of twenty inches. With the butt cut off and the barrels around ten inches, the shotgun could easily hide under a long coat. Shooting one of these guns could take some getting used to. The Old West preferred the hefty push of 10 gauge. Being careless or rushed with the non trigger hand could earn one a nickname like "lefty" or "three fingered Jack." Westerners cleverly labeled this type of shotgun the "'whipit." To employ it, the gunman had to "whip it out."

West of the Mississippi and south of the Mason-Dixon, the shotgun earned its place not only as a game getter but as a combat weapon. During the Civil War, many Blue Coats rued the days when they met Grey Riders carrying fourteen-inch barreled doubles in their scabbards. As the war wore on, some barrels grew shorter and shorter. A force of ten Grey Riders with braces of Griswolds or Dance guns, wielding double barrels, could throw a lot of lead in one direction before reloading.

As a young boy, John Henry Holliday saw a number of weapons. Half a mile north of his house ran the McIntosh Trail. The trail enjoyed continuous use until the early part of the twentieth century. This "trail" served as part of the Cherokee toll road system. This particular branch started at Indian Springs, southeast of Griffin, Georgia, and its lavish hotel built by Muskogee Chief William McIntosh in 1823. The trail ran to New Echota, the Cherokee capital, near Rome, Georgia.

Evidenced by small stretches still extant, the Cherokees cut the McIntosh Trail wide enough for two of their freight wagons to pass. John Holliday saw Cherokees dressed in their traditional turbans and carrying their blowguns in antebellum Griffin. Sighting mounted Creeks and Cherokees in grey uniforms was not uncommon thereafter.

Copyright Tom Swearengen
Doc Holliday's 10 gauge Meteor whipit with brass eye bolt.

Griffin, Georgia, gave John Henry Holliday early exposure to higher education, the Navy Colt, and the shotgun. In antebellum times, Griffin boasted five colleges, including a woman's college and a medical school. With the outbreak of the Civil War, Griffin became, to use an anachronistic phrase, the Fort Benning of the Georgia contingent of the Army of Northern Virginia. The Confederacy established Camp Stephens just south of the McIntosh Trail and just north of the Holliday home. Many of Georgia's units mustered at Camp Stephens and more than fifteen units trained there. The camp roster included Joe Thompson's Lancers, The Irwin Cowboys, and the Forty-sixth Georgia.

In 1862, the Griswold and Gunnison Revolver Factory set up shop twenty-five miles southeast of John Henry's home town. From scrounged metal, this small Jones County factory turned more than 3,500 of the brass framed fangs of the Confederacy—the famed Griswold Navy. Both sides considered the Griswold the finest balanced revolver of the war. The Griswold factory set the grip farther back than that of the Colt Navy to accommodate cavalry gauntlets. A Griswold planted butt flat on a table points its barrel slightly upward. A Colt Navy points level. Interestingly, the adult John Holliday carried an "open top" cartridge converted Navy as his first pistol. The Colt Peacemaker is essentially a Navy from the cylinder bottom down. The Griswold factory out-produced the rest of the South's revolver factories combined. So feared was the Griswold that, in November 1864, the Union Army burned Griswoldville's only church once and the factory twice in a series of battles.

Ben Milner, a prominent Griffin citizen, sponsored Company E of the Second Georgia Cavalry at Camp Ector's cavalry school. He funded the shotgun wielding unit known as Ben Milner's Dragoons out of his pocket. At Camp Ector, five other mounted units trained including Captain T. M. Nelson's Independent Partisan Rangers. Five other training camps sprinkled the landscape of Spalding County. Camp Stephens sat four blocks north of John's house. Camp Ector was an easy walk south. The thundering cannon from Camp Golgotha's artillery school could be heard all over town. With the outbreak of war, Griffin's role as a middle Georgia center of learning changed to that of a soldiers' town.

In his hometown, John Henry Holliday received tutoring from a

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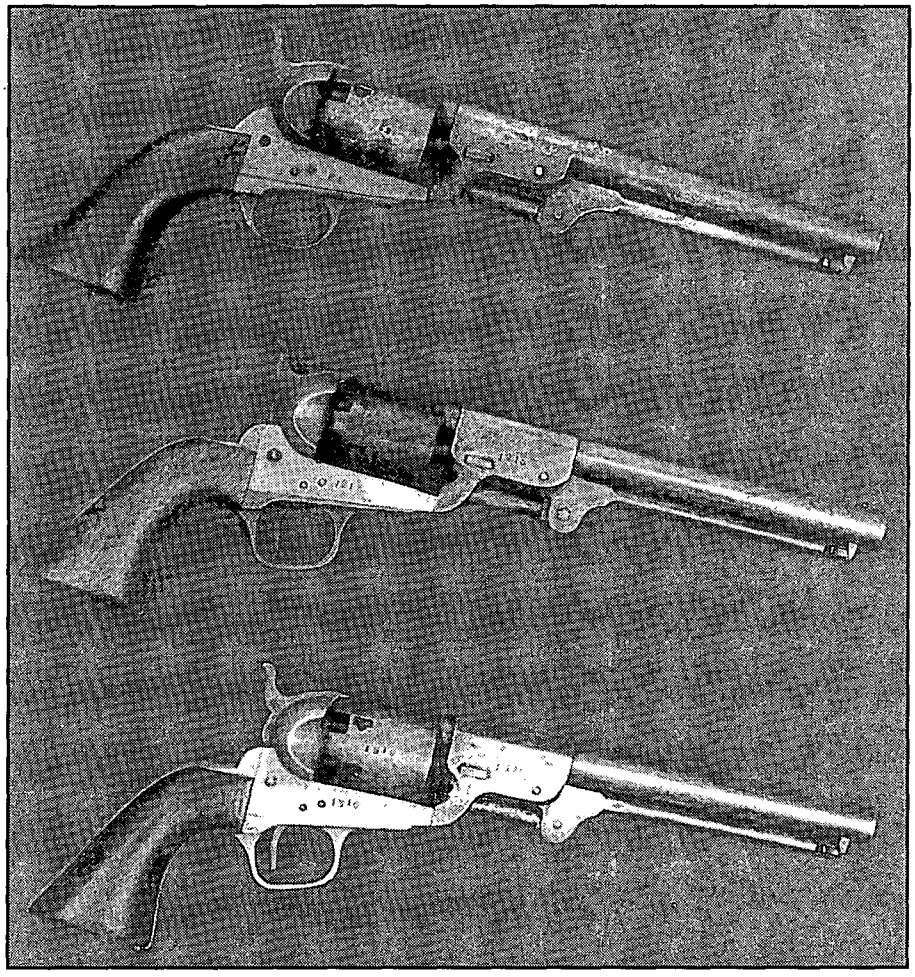
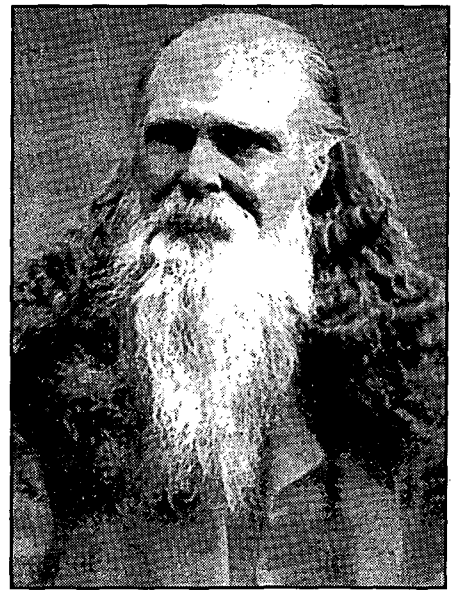


Courtesy Stone Mountain Relics

All three models of the Griswold Navy.



Mormon Archives

Orrin Porter Rockwell, inventor of the balanced suspended whipit gun.

man who later became governor of Georgia. This and his schooling in Valdosta, Georgia, prepared him well for dental school in Philadelphia. If he had tried, young Master Holliday could not have missed the scholarship that surrounded him. He also could not have missed seeing all of the Navys, Enfield rifles, and combat shotguns constantly moving through town. John Henry also saw his own father buckle a pistol over a grey officer's uniform and march toward the gunfire in Virginia.

Shotgun technology had moved West long before Blue fought Grey. Full stocked sawed-offs rode like carbines, but not the whipit. Westerners learned early that whipits required a bulky holster or a belt sash. Bill Hickok carried an unsuspended whipit in Hays City. The whipit presented a carrying problem. It needed a suspension system.

Known as "The Battling Pimps," the Earps found shotguns both necessary office equipment and useful home appliances.

From among the Old West's able and brave emerged a problem solver. This inventor of the suspended balanced whipit gun dedicated his life to the service of God and committed his knowledge of firearms to defending The Church of Jesus Christ of The Latter-Day Saints. He was Orrin Porter Rockwell.

Born in 1813, Rockwell converted early to his church. He would stand for no persecution of his brethren. An imposing, God fearing man, Rockwell unapologetically protected both church leaders and property with his personal unrelenting firestorm of black powder. As leader of the secret Danite Society, he guarded the life of Brigham Young. He took to heart the personal prophecy Mormon leader Joseph Smith gave to him December 25, 1843: "Cut not thy hair and no bullet or blade can harm thee!" Though he regularly faced both death and danger, in the remaining thirty-six years of his natural life Rockwell remained unshorn. History records that no harm ever befell him.

Known to favor the sawed off shotgun, Rockwell came logically to the whipit and its carrying problem. He solved the whipit's difficulty by rigging a suspension system that both concealed and balanced the gun. Strapped by a bandoleer over his shoulder, the whipit rested peacefully under Rockwell's long coat. When time and circumstance dictated, Mr. Rockwell employed the whipit with devastating results.

No known example of Rockwell's personal whipit or suspension system exists, although its legend and principle circulated widely around Western campfires where gunfighting became the stuff of lively con-

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versation. John Henry Holliday never met Orrin Porter Rockwell. The latter died not long after John left Georgia to ease his tuberculosis and seek his fortune pulling teeth and dealing cards. From the still extant whipit rig that Doc built, no question arises that Holliday knew of both Rockwell and his balanced suspension system.

Doc Holliday could handle a handgun but his marksmanship was nothing to write home about. The whipit gave the faro dealer a welcomed addition to his philosophy of ferocious offense and devastating defense. The actual shotgun used in the OK Corral remains a mystery and was not the suspended whipit. From Tombstone accounts, Virgil Earp carried an unidentified borrowed sawed-off shotgun and handed it to Doc on the way to the Corral. As proprietors of three houses of prostitution while plying their trade as itinerant city cops, the Earps favored shotguns—mostly sawed-off and 10-gauge. Known as "The Battling Pimps," the Earps found shotguns both necessary office equipment and useful home appliances. Whatever the origin or configuration, Doc used the one and only shotgun at the OK Corral to deadly effect. He emptied both barrels into Tom McLaury, mortally wounding him, before Doc resorted to his less-effective handgun.

To fashion his whipit, Doc sawed up a double barrel, hammered Meteor (Belgian made) 10-gauge. He cut the barrels to about twelve inches and shaped the chopped butt stock like the stock of an earlier flintlock. Though most whipit stocks follow the natural contour, the lower end of Doc's stock suggests a nod to history. The Confederate Norths may have inspired his shaping. Many men from his boyhood home enlisted in the Army of Northern Virginia. Some carried the well-crafted flintlock pistols converted to percussion by the South's gunsmiths around Richmond.

John Holliday carried his strong Southern heritage as much a part of him as the sickness that finally forced him to leave his beloved

Mr. Holliday's Neighborhood

Courtesy Wally Brown

Rumored Holliday house on Broad Street, Griffin, Georgia.

Courtesy Patrick Akin

The Middle Georgia Medical College, across the tracks from John Henry Holliday's Broad Street home.

Butts County Historical Society

Indian Springs Hotel, built in 1823 by Chief William McIntosh.

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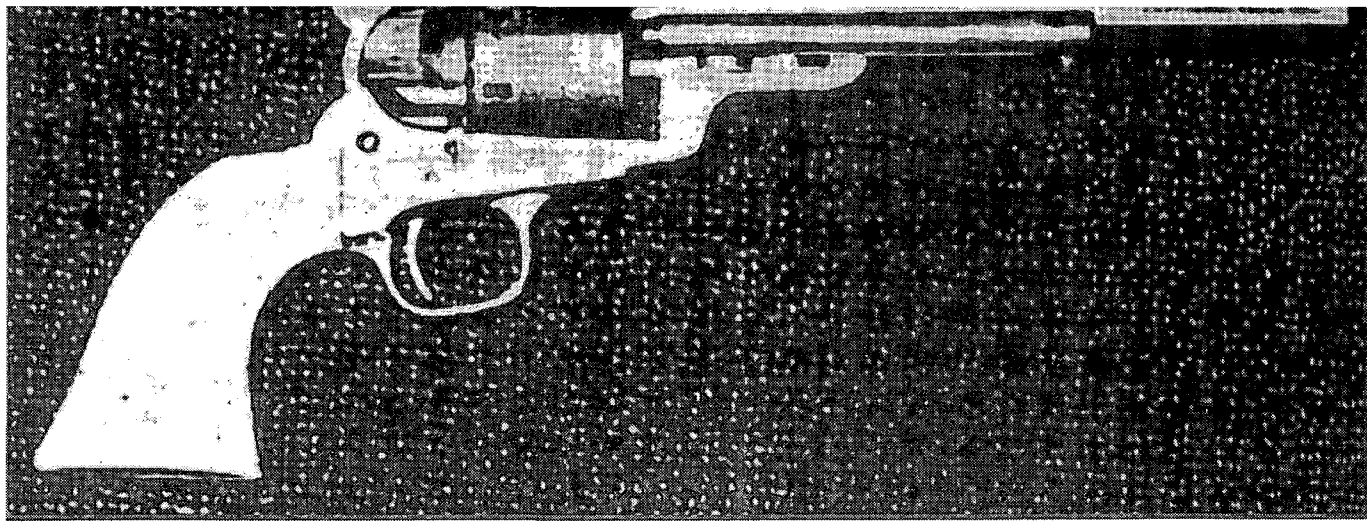

Courtesy Ben Traywick

Doc Holliday's "open top" .38-caliber cartridge Navy.

Georgia. Doc journeyed to other climes, and it was in the distant West that John Holliday found turbulent fame and an unexpectedly longer life.

Doc Holliday closed his dental practice in Atlanta and rode to Griffin one last time on January 14, 1873. Early in the day he attended the funeral of his stepbrother, Francisco, felled by the same disease that would later take him. They buried him in Jenkinsburg, Butts County, Georgia. Doc's father served with distinction in the Mexican War, and while commanding a detachment of The Fannin Avengers, Lieutenant Holliday found an orphaned child. This child came from an aristocratic bilingual family of Old Mexico. Henry Burroughs Holliday brought Francisco E'Dalgo (Hidalgo) into his home and raised him as his own son. When he grew to manhood, Francisco settled near Jenkinsburg, Georgia. Francisco took Martha Freeman of Butts County as his wife and soldiered with the Thirtieth Georgia Volunteers in the Confederate Army. In 1862, Francisco's unit posted at the Griswold and Gunnison Revolver Factory where visits to home were easy. As war and his unit moved on, the visits became less so. After the war, Francisco returned home, where he lived an industrious and fruitful life until tuberculosis took his life.

An urban legend begun during World War II claims that John Henry Holliday practiced dentistry in his home town. Although a romantic story, no evidence currently supports this. What court and newspaper records do support is the shrewdness with which Henry Burroughs Holliday and the extended family traded real estate. Though related to plantation people on both sides, the Hollidays of Griffin were landed gentry. Some of their tangible wealth lay in trust for John Henry until he reached majority. Doc grew to manhood in Valdosta, and considered that his home. His father later served as Valdosta's mayor. After Francisco's funeral, Doc Holliday rode to the Spalding (once Pike) County Courthouse in Griffin where his father had earlier served as the first clerk of the court. He sold his inherited property that same day and pocketed the money. That money financed his way West to Elm Street in Dallas, Texas. The rest, as they say, is history. Doc's whipit gun came later in the fullness of time.

Doc Holliday's whipit suspension system stands as both simple and ingenious. He chopped his 10-gauge to suit his purpose and then added the well-conceived strapping. Doc had a brass eye bolt screwed into the shotgun's rib at the exact balance point of the gun when loaded. He tied the eye bolt though a shoulder bandoleer that he put on over his shirt. He then donned his long gambler's coat over the rig and pushed the barrels down. The gun barrels rode in the down position under the weight of the coat. When danger threatened, he quietly cocked the deadly hammers. When Doc needed the whipit, he eased the coat aside. The barrels leveled, powered by their own weight. With the grasp of the shaped stock, Doc swung the gun to eye level. A trigger pull later, anything on the business end of the Georgia dentist's whipit gun stopped two 10-gauge loads. Standing in front of Doc Holliday's whipit gun assured the opponent of a bad afternoon. History records no one ever tried it.

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CLYDE BARROW AND THE WHIPIT GUN

Though known as an outlaw, killer, and fairly inept bank robber, Clyde Chestnut Barrow showed considerable intelligence and skill as a gun innovator. The "Texas Rattlesnake" used an odd, single-barrel whipit early in his career that possessed no suspension system. Seeing the same two-shot limitations that the old timers did, Clyde added elasticity and capacity to the suspended whipit. He wanted more shots and a very fast system of gun to hand. Standing only five-six, Barrow needed a compact high capacity gun and began experimenting. His semi-automatic whipits and their suspension systems evolved in late 1932 or early 1933.

Clyde Barrow favored the Browning Auto Model 5 in 12-gauge and the Remington Model 11 in 20-gauge. At least five of these whipits are known, one in 12 and the rest in 20. Clyde cut the barrels to about fifteen inches and whacked the butt stock about three inches past the pistol grip. For one of his 20s, Clyde made a suspension system from the inner tube of a 1931 Ford. He tacked the elastic loop to the butt stock. Just before his unexpected parole for seven felonies in 1932, Clyde chopped off two of his toes as part of a malingering scheme. He hobbled out of the Eastham Prison Farm on crutches carrying a bad attitude. His toes improperly healed giving him a peculiar rolling gait. This physical oddity caused him to stand with his hip cocked and his right foot in front of the left. Clyde learned to use this oddity to employ the whipit.

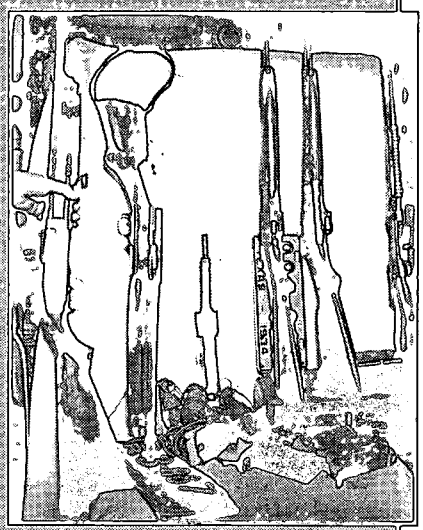
FBI photo

Clyde Barrow on the bumper of a V-8 Ford with 30-40 Krag and whipit gun.

Dallas Public Library

Raymond Hamilton whom biographer Sid Underwood dubbed "the chicken fried Cagney."

Under his generously cut custom jackets, Clyde found the ideal resting spot for his whipit. He slit the inside bottom of his coat pocket and balanced the short barrel on one of his fingers. Whipit rigged for battle, Barrow looked very much like an ordinary citizen walking down the street with his hand in his pocket. This inner-tube-dangled gun stands as the first modern suspended whipit. By experimenting, Clyde found that he could come down hard on his heel, torquing his body for a fast draw. The motion threw the little gun out from under his coat and into his waiting hand. He once used this technique to disarm a startled officer relieving him of his pistol and freedom but not his life.



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Barrow/Hamilton gun cache taken at Howe, Texas, including a Browning 12-gauge whipit.

The historical context of the two Barrow related photos accompanying this article will aid the reader with the whipit story. The first photo shows Clyde Barrow seated on the bumper of his tan topped, V-8 convertible sedan. He cradles a 30-40 Krag and a 20-gauge whipit. Lawmen seized this photo as well as the V-8 on April 13, 1933, after a gunfight in Joplin, Missouri. The second photograph, of Barrow associate Raymond Hamilton's guns, shows a second Barrow suspension system. The Browning 12 whipit hangs from a loop of harness leather. Ray Hamilton split from Clyde on March 6, 1934, in Terre Haute, Indiana. Officers captured both the Browning whipit and Ray Hamilton near Howe, Texas on April 25, 1934. Both the shorter Hamilton and Barrow could swing this gun quickly to eye level.

In the end, their clever fire power could not save them. The law caught up to Clyde Barrow and Bonnie Parker when they stopped on the Ringold Road outside Gibsland, Louisiana. It was 9:15 on the morning of May 23, 1934. Clyde never heard the hammer fall. A 20-gauge whipit gun leaned against his left knee. Bonnie died screaming. A 20-gauge whipit rested under her stilled right hand. Captured, convicted, and sentenced to death, Raymond Hamilton rode the wire on May 10, 1935, at age twenty-one.

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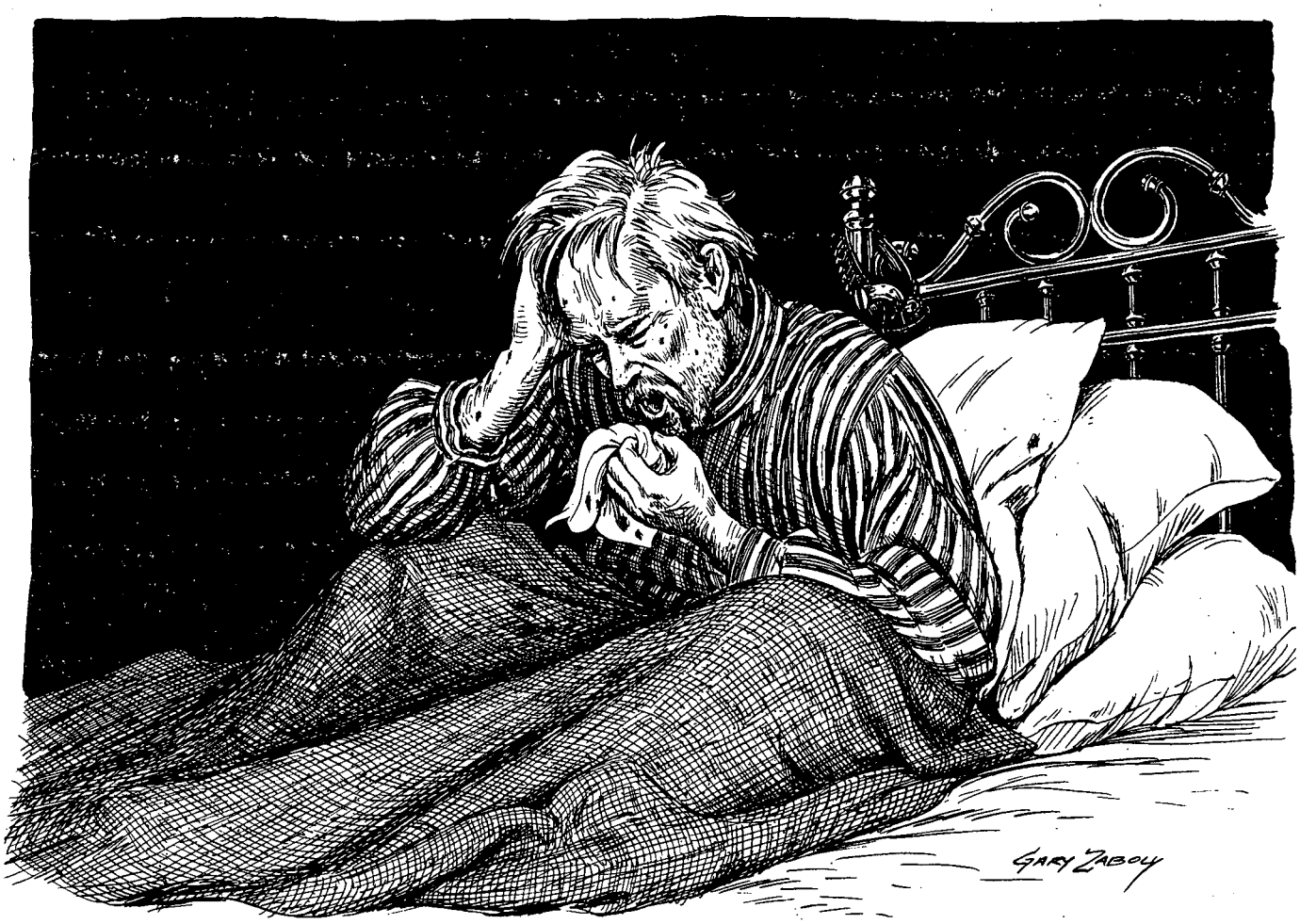
Doc Holliday lived his adult life with a death sentence hanging over his head. He was only twenty-one, coughing up blood, when his doctor gave him the bad news: tuberculosis—six months to a year to live, if he stayed in Georgia. The words the physician pronounced that day changed everything, the way John Holliday saw himself and the way the world would see him.

Doc's Disease

by Sylvia Wittels, MD

Illustrations by Gary Zaboly



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As John Holliday looked back on his life, he said matter-of-factly, "I mixed up with everything that came along. It was the only way in which I could forget myself." Whether that forgetfulness came in a blur of faro cards, the blast of a shotgun, or the stupor of a daily quart of whiskey, it meant living on the edge.

Tuberculosis was capricious and mysterious. It struck without warning, and isolated its victim with the stigma of the disease. Holliday knew tuberculosis as a flame that would consume his body. That was the way the world understood the disease, and that's how it got its popular name, "consumption."

The very diagnosis implied a personality disorder. It was a disease of too much passion, recklessness, and sensuality. The mythology of tuberculosis dictated that a "nervous" nature could predispose one to succumbing to the disease. Even the fever was a sign of this inward burning.

Tuberculosis was stigmatizing and isolating. Distancing the victim even more, the illness itself could confuse loved ones. Rosy cheeks looked healthy but were flushed by fever. And an upsurge of energy might be a sign of impending death as lack of oxygen to the brain brought anxiety and panic.

Alone in the small doctor's office, hearing the diagnosis was not young John Holliday's first encounter with tuberculosis. His mother's death, just six years before, was probably from the same disease.

John Henry Holliday was born in 1851. He lived only to the age of thirty-six, only five years after the discovery of the bacillus that causes tuberculosis. However, even that discovery had done little to change the established folk wisdom and "medical" opinion on consumption.

Everyone knew that hereditary predisposition determined who got it and who didn't. Robert Koch may have thought he made medical history by identifying Mycobacterium tuberculosis. But his contemporaries asked, did it really explain anything? The germ was everywhere; some got sick and others didn't. So the blame still lay mainly with unalterable heredity.

Of course some diseases were clearly infectious, for example smallpox and measles. With these diseases, dramatic symptoms followed within days or weeks of exposure. But with tuberculosis, the time from catching the disease to first showing symptoms could be years. Furthermore, it was difficult to separate heredity from contagion, when the entire population, like Doc, seemed to have at least one sick relative.

In the first years after his diagnosis, Holliday's racking, spasmodic coughing spells must have been quite dramatic enough to revive some of that "old-fashioned" worry in some of his early dental patients, and send them down the road to another dentist. With poor business and a manual dexterity that was going to waste, a shift to the life of a gambler was an easy slide.

Whether or not tuberculosis turned him away from dentistry, it certainly did alter his romantic life. As a youth, Holliday had been infatuated with his cousin Mattie. But that relationship was hopeless as soon as the diagnosis was pronounced. As late as 1864, a Paris physician had declared that tuberculosis was not "contagious as usually understood except in the case of intimate relations." He further pronounced that it was more easily given from a man to the woman rather than the reverse. This so-called medical knowledge would have been known by the physician giving Holliday his bad news. Cutting off any romantic illusions would have been advised.

With the diagnosis of a disease that could not be cured, Holliday quickly made arrangements to leave for Dallas, Texas. Throughout his life, he would write Mattie. She was the only one he would write. Eventually, she entered a convent.

In 1872, doctors would have told the young, unfortunate man that lifestyle could modify the outcome. The physicians of the time had a complex rationale for behavior and personal hygiene. A sedentary lifestyle with too much emphasis on study or overwork needed to be avoided at all cost. It's likely that this doctor pointed a blaming finger at Holliday's long hours in the rigorous study of dentistry.

The physician would have prescribed good plain food, plenty of exercise, and sun. He would have told Holliday that climate could make a profound difference. In those days, the diagnosis of tuberculosis turned its sufferers to a bohemian, vagabond life. There was always the chance of changing locales to stave off the disease. Doc's moves to Texas, Colorado, and to Arizona were at least partially motivated by the desire for a therapeutic climate. In 1854, when Doc was about three, a committee established by the Massachusetts Medical Society noted that "phthisis" or consumption was unequally disturbed, and that this difference reflected the degree of the moisture of the soil of the particular village. Many concurred that cool, dry, clear air in the high plains or mountains could prolong one's life.

European authorities were convinced of the benefits of high altitude. The diminished humidity of the air, the dryness of the soil, low temperature, relative absence of pollution, higher percentage of ozone, and greater number of clear days were all thought beneficial. American physicians took this a step further. Several Colorado and New Mexico doctors insisted that above five thousand feet, air could not contain germs.

Any physician giving a young man such a diagnosis would have been concerned about his potential for suicide. In the 1870s and 1880s the papers of the South were full of cases of persons "dousing their vital glim" and "jerking themselves over Jordan by their own bootstraps" and just plain "suiciding." But Doc, by the choices he made to leave for a different climate, was a man to try and hold on.

Later, he would continue to demonstrate the will to live. When one gunman sprayed bullets in a

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With poor business and a manual dexterity that was going to waste, a shift to the life of a gambler was an easy slide.

theater in 1878, the instantaneous manner in which both Holliday and Bat Masterson "flattened out like pancakes on the floor" impressed one observer with its self-preserving fervor. And once, to escape certain capture by military authorities for the killing of a soldier, Holliday rode across "waterless, Indian-infested country" for eight hundred godforsaken miles. Certainly, he didn't play the part of the invalid and continued his search for the cure at different spas, finally at the end of his life taking in the sulfur vapors at Glenwood Springs.

Did Doc fall into alcoholism for its medicinal value? Folk wisdom noted that the drunkard of the tubercular family was spared the disease more often than expected. While there were those who found excess intake abominable, even conservative medical opinion held that whiskey could "quicken a sluggish current of life." It was common to prescribe whiskey to relax the tension and the gloom which was thought to worsen the disease. And since mental fragility and depressing passions were positively labeled as causes of consumption, pervasive general opinion was that the fermented liquid could have some curative or restorative value.

Newspapers were filled with ads for "whiskey," exclaiming that it was "positively guaranteed to cure consumption." Distillers declared they had thousands of testimonial letters in their files. Not that there weren't other remedies to try. Doc Holliday could have read about Stafford's Olive Tar during his stay in Atlanta. This bottle of pure "magnetism" could be applied or inhaled, only for fifty cents. During his stay in Denver, Hale's Honey of Hoarhound and Tar was being acclaimed in the *Rocky Mountain News*. Perhaps he tried them all. But whiskey remained the favorite. Doc worked up to two quarts of whiskey a day and perhaps it all started in a small dosage recommended by a kindly family doctor.

Both his growing alcoholism and the tuberculosis did change Doc Holliday into a more violent man. Doomed without a chance of reprieve, some tuberculars would become depressed and dependent. Others, like Doc, would turn that depression outward, and become angry and violent.

Before the diagnosis, Holliday had been thought of as a quiet, even subdued young man. But there is a murky history suggestive of some violent undertones even before the official diagnosis. Around 1870, he became upset when some black youths were bathing in a swimming hole near Valdosta, Georgia. A relative told him to shoot over their heads. It is now unclear whether anybody was killed, accidentally or on purpose. However, when Doc was in Texas, it seemed to have served his interests to exaggerate this into a massacre. As a scrawny consumptive,

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he learned the power of the legend to keep enemies at bay.

That reputation, as a man willing to die, gave him a psychological edge over the bravest of opponents. Most men refrained from stepping on his toes and would find Doc to be very polite and self-effacing... until he thought he had been slighted or cheated. Doc exhibited gushes of energy, characteristic of the cyclic manifestations of this disease. These could be either self-destructive or else destructive of others, hence leading to the legend of Doc, released from any moral restraints by the ravages of tuberculosis.

Holliday's contemporaries saw him as a touchy drunk, a man with a who-gives-a-damn outlook. He lived in violent times, and if he didn't kill dozens of men, he probably did kill four or five. (He missed more than he hit, in spite of the stories his friends fabricated.) Even if not all the stories were true, he still was a different man from the blue-blood, educated Southern gentleman with the strong religious background that he had left behind in Georgia.

Someone once asked Doc if his conscience ever bothered him. "No," he replied, "I coughed that up with my lungs long ago." Tuberculosis made Doc the man he was. As Wyatt Earp stated, "Doc was a dentist whom necessity had made a gambler; a gentleman whom disease had made a frontier vagabond; a philosopher whom life had made a caustic wit...."

Perhaps his cousin Mattie was his most poignant witness. His beloved eventually destroyed his letters, but admitted to her family that from them perhaps the world could have known a different man from the legend that took his place. Certainly, she knew the southern gentleman before tuberculosis and the attempts at "forgetting" had changed him forever.

Glenwood Springs, Colorado, a hot-springs health spa, was the last residence of Doc. At the end of his life he was emaciated and bent with silver hair, still trying for one last cure at the sulfur springs. More myth than man, the legend laughed at the fates on his death bed. He expected to die at the end of a noose or by the blast of a gun. His last words were, "This is funny." The way he had lived his life, to Doc, dying in bed was a surprise.

As a scrawny consumptive, he learned the power of the legend to keep enemies at bay.

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Doc Holliday's White Columns in Georgia

Dallas, Deadwood, Dodge City, and Tombstone...the names evoke images of the wild west and the legendary frontier world of John Henry "Doc" Holliday. But Doc had another world as well, a southern world that shaped his personality and made him the complex character that he was: philosopher, professional man, and southern gentleman.

In the quiet town of Fayetteville, Georgia, part of Doc's southern world is being brought back to life. The Holliday-Dorsey-Fife House, where Doc spent some of his childhood, is undergoing restoration as a museum of Fayette County history, with an emphasis on the family of Dr. John Stiles Holliday, who built the home in 1855.

Dr. Holliday was Doc's uncle and namesake, the wealthiest man in the Holliday family, the first to attend college, and probably Doc's inspiration for pursuing a professional career himself. His home reflected the genteel life that an educated southern man could have. Designed in classic Greek Revival style with six white columns supporting a wide front veranda, the Holliday House is graced by wide-plank floors of Georgia heart pine, hand-blown glass in its shuttered windows, and hand-carved mantels over its eight fireplaces. It's such a traditional southern belle that one might even expect Scarlett O'Hara to appear on the second-floor balcony—which she may well have done.

Legend has it that when the Holliday House was completed, Dr. Holliday turned it over to the Fayetteville Academy as headquarters and dormitory space for two years. The academy, of which he was a trustee, was one of the most popular schools in Georgia and was growing so rapidly that the small town ran out of boarding house space, so Dr. Holliday made room for the students in his own new home. One of those academy students was Annie Fitzgerald from nearby Jonesboro, whose granddaughter, Margaret Mitchell, would send her heroine Scarlett O'Hara to the academy in *Gone With the Wind.* But it's the legendary romance of Dr. Holliday's nephew, John Henry Holliday and John's cousin, Mattie, who played there together as children, that

By Victoria Wilcox

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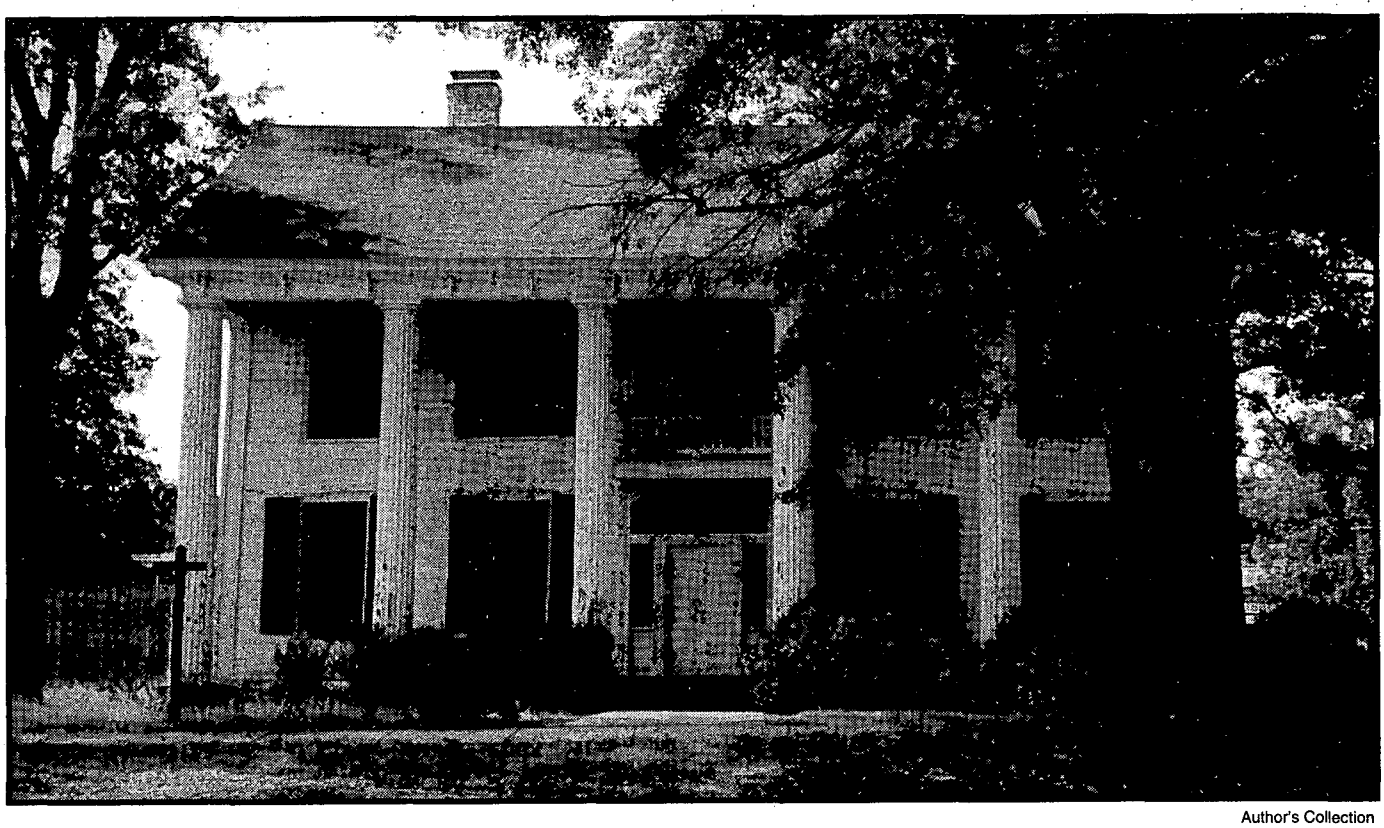

Author's Collection

The Holliday House, Fayetteville, Georgia.

adds the real romance to the Holliday House.

John Henry was born in Griffin, Georgia, about twenty miles and a day's ride away from Fayetteville. His cousin, Mattie, daughter of Robert Kennedy Holliday and Mary Anne Fitzgerald, was born in Fayetteville, though her family moved to the new railroad town of Jonesboro when she was six years old. But the Hollidays were a close-knit Irish clan, and the families visited together often, gathering in Fayetteville at the beautiful white-columned home of Dr. John Stiles Holliday. There John Henry and Mattie played with cousin Robert and the three grew to be great friends.

When the Civil War came, the cousins' fathers all served the Confederacy: Doc's father, Henry, as a major with General Beauregard in Virginia; John Stiles as a surgeon in the Georgia Home Guard; and Robert Kennedy as captain quartermaster with General Longstreet at Gettysburg. After Henry Holliday returned home on a medical discharge in 1862, he moved his family far from the battlefront to the south Georgia village of Valdosta. Mattie's family followed in 1864, fleeing from the fighting which surrounded their home during the Battle of Jonesboro.

It was in Valdosta that John Henry and Mattie renewed their childhood friendship, and where some say a teenage romance blossomed between the two. After the war, when Mattie's family returned to Jonesboro and John Henry went away to dental school in Philadelphia, he sent her his photograph, which she kept with her throughout her life. Even after he went west and turned to a life of gambling and gunfighting, John Henry stayed in touch with Mattie, sending her letters from all over the wild west. And when he later gained fame fighting beside Wyatt Earp in the Gunfight at the OK Corral, Mattie defended him saying that he was a much different man than the one of western legend.

Whatever their real relationship, Mattie never did marry, but entered a convent, taking the name Sister Melanie, a name her Fitzgerald cousin, Margaret Mitchell, later used for the sweet-tempered Melanie who was so devoted to her first cousin Ashley Wilkes in *Gone With the Wind.*

Was the legendary Doc Holliday the real-life love of the literary Melanie? Only John Henry and Mattie know for sure. But in the quiet halls of Fayetteville's Holliday House, the legend lives on.

The Holliday-Dorsey-Fife House, at 140 West Lanier Avenue in Fayetteville, Georgia, is restored to its 1855 elegance by the Holliday House Association, a non-profit community group. Planned exhibits include a Nineteenth-Century Medical Office, Scarlett O'Hara's Bedroom, and Doc Holliday's Antique Dental Office. For tour information or to make donations to the restoration, please write in care of the City of Fayetteville, P.O. Box 302, Fayetteville, Georgia 30214.

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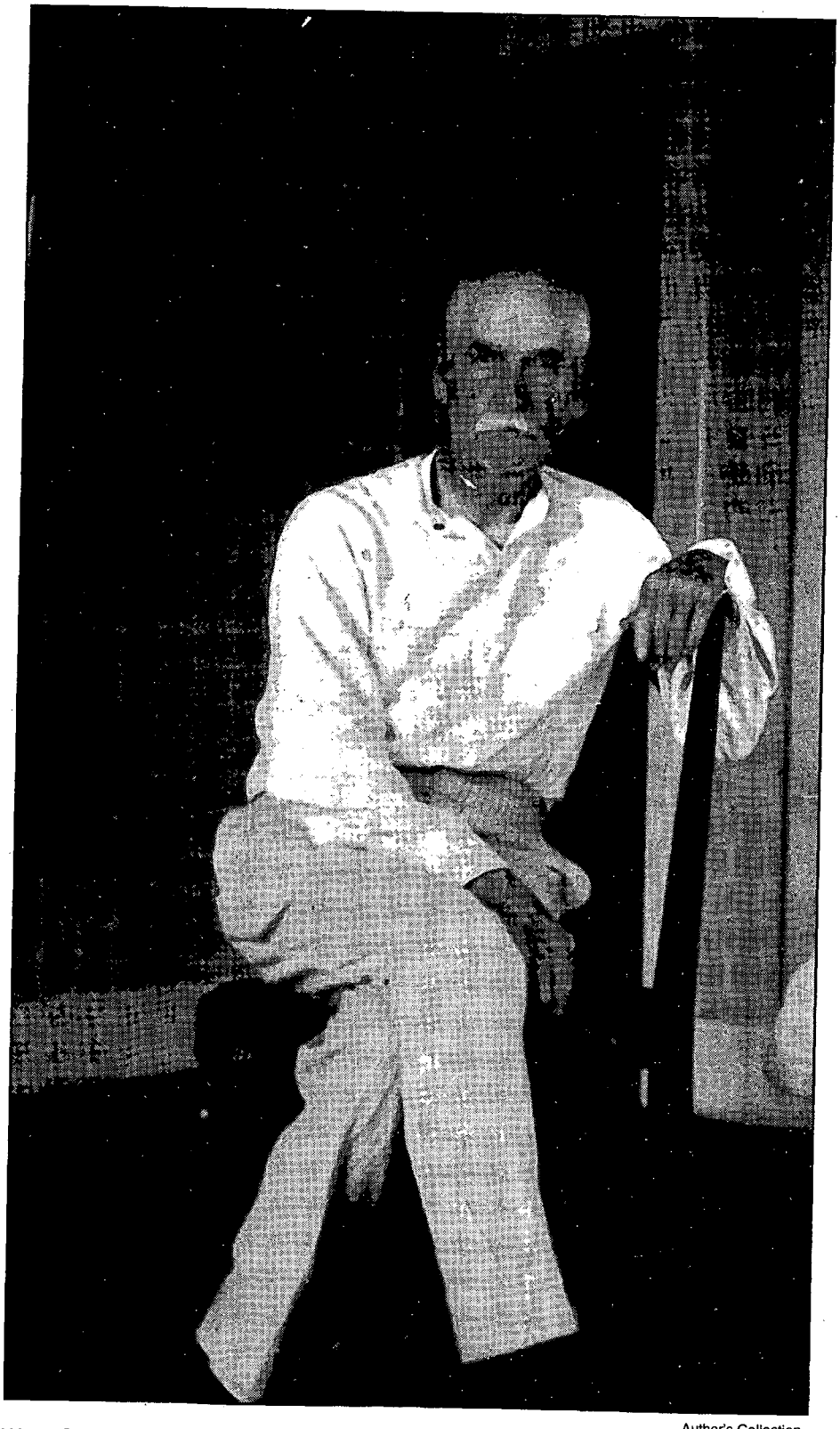
WYATT EARP'S MULTI



Wyatt Earp at home in Los Angeles in the late 1920s. Author's Collection

Wyatt Earp is not buried in Boot Hill in the notorious Arizona town forever linked with his name, although there are many who would like to see this the case, including the Tombstone Restoration Committee, which commissioned a bronze plaque to this effect in anticipation of Wyatt's remains being placed here. Nor is he buried in his hometown of Monmouth, Illinois, where historians would prefer to have him located.

According to Glenn Boyer's edition of Josephine Earp's recollections, *I Married Wyatt Earp*, Wyatt, who died on January 13, 1929, in his bed in Los Angeles, was cremated, his ashes hauled by his wife to the Jewish cemetery, The Hills of Eternity Memorial Park, at Colma, California, a small town just south of San Francisco. Wyatt was not Jewish, but Josephine was, and it was her family's plot, which already contained the remains of her brother, her mother and her father. Part of her account from *I Married...* reads:

"I took Wyatt's ashes—wrapping the urn in several soft towels, placing all in an overnight satchel—on the daylight train, the Lark, and had them buried in the family (Marcus) plot in the little town of Colma."

At first she had thoughts of spreading his ashes on the hillside by their mine, the "Happy Days," located in the Whipple Mountains north of Parker, Arizona. Another possibility would have been the little desert cemetery across the tracks from their "dream cottage" in Vidal, California, or even in the little, now-defunct town named for him, formerly called Drennan, across the river from Parker.

Josie died fifteen years later, and her ashes were interred in the same

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DINOUS TOMBSTONES

BY TRUMAN REX FISHER

plot. An upright granite tombstone was placed over their grave, reading:

Wyatt Earp, 1848-1929
Josephine Earp, 1861-1944

Tom Finn, head gardener at the cemetery, who also supervised Wyatt's burial, reported for work on a Sunday morning, July 7, 1957, and discovered a large hole in the ground where the Earps were buried...and their tombstone gone! At first, authorities speculated that it had been removed, perhaps as a prank, in light of the then-current popular television series "The Life and Legend of Wyatt Earp" starring Hugh O'Brian. Another theory was that some "civic leaders" in Tombstone had redoubled their efforts to "reinter Earp in the Arizona community, where the hero, then a lawman, shot to death three men suspected of slaying Earp's brother." Of course, the "civic leaders" took umbrage at this conjecture.

According to one account of this theft, the "ghouls" removed the three-hundred-pound monument and "tried vainly to dig up the urns in which remains of the gunfighter and his wife are buried." The hole dug was "four or five feet deep and about five feet across." The superintendent of the cemetery reported: "...but they never did find the urns despite hours of digging...." One wonders if they dug that deep and wide, why did no urns turn up? Perhaps they needed to dig a bit deeper? Or are the urns indeed even there? The authorities today claim they were there then, and are there now. This confirmation certainly lets one breathe a little easier.

However, another newspaper reported earlier that the tombstone weighed five hundred pounds. And the hole the thieves dug was only two feet deep. Ergo, they were only after the head stone and not the urns which were undisturbed.

In September, 1957, actor Hugh O'Brian informed the Colma police chief that he would offer "a $500 reward to anyone supplying information leading to the return of the famed marshal's tombstone, stolen last July 7...." O'Brian further stated "That there are people in this world who would not only desecrate a grave, but would disturb an important part of Americana." According to this article, the urns were "left behind." "Contrary to tradition, Wyatt Earp died with his boots off—a wealthy man at the age of 81. In accordance with his last wishes, the former frontier lawman was buried in his wife's family plot, in San Francisco, where he acquired his fortune, rather than in Arizona, where he acquired his fame." The truth of the matter is, Wyatt was not wealthy. Fame in Tombstone yes, but no fortune in San Francisco, and there is no record of him having a "last wish" to be buried at Colma.

O'Brian continued, "I think it's wrong to allow this grave to go unmarked. Wyatt Earp had no lineal descendants and someone should take steps to preserve this bit of history. I suppose I might consider myself an 'adopted descendant' since the original Wyatt's deeds, so long ago, mean so much to me today. The least I can do is to bend every effort in his memory."

Early one morning, three months after the theft, in the middle of October 1957, two college students stopped their car on the shoulder of the road near Skyline in the Crystal Springs area between San Bruno and Millbrae, to inspect a tire. There in the ditch was the lost tombstone A newspaper article dated October 16, 1957, reported that "...a $1000 reward for return of the stone has been offered by television actor Hugh O'Brian, who plays the role of Wyatt Earp in a T.V. series and who was scheduled to arrive in the bay area next week to replace the stolen monument." He didn't, and when asked about the $1000 reward, having doubled from the first interview, Mr. O'Brian just chuckled and said that he had an overly-enthusiastic secretary who supplied that figure.

Recently, I interviewed Bill Ridenour, a retired sheriff's lieutenant in San Mateo County, the investigating officer in the theft,

THE "GHOULS" REMOVED THE 300 POUND MONUMENT AND "TRIED VAINLY TO DIG UP THE URNS IN WHICH REMAINS OF THE GUNFIGHTER AND HIS WIFE ARE BURIED."

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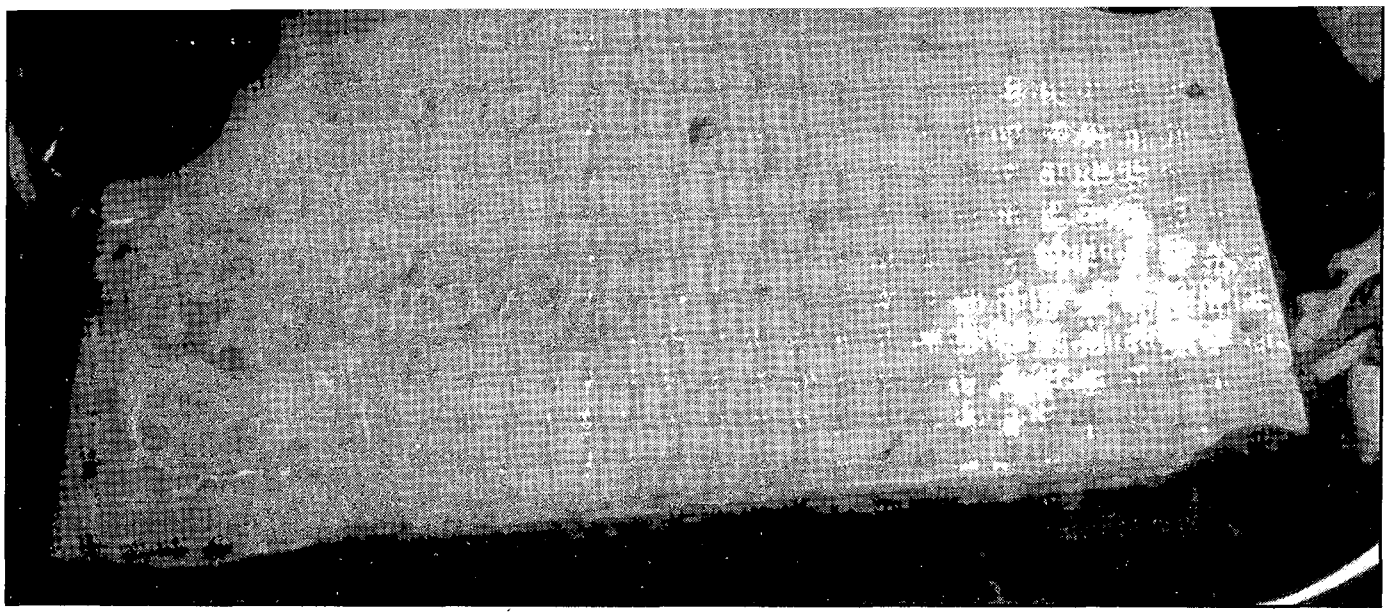

Author's Collection

Photo of an Earp headstone found by police in 1994. The engraving reads: "Here lies Wyatt Earp, Marshal of Dodge City. Born Mar. 19, 1848—Died Jan. 13, 1929.

now in his eighties. Ridenour said he went to check on the recently-discovered tombstone, and said it had been dumped on the street and rolled into a ditch. It was so chipped, battered, and scarred that it couldn't be repaired. Consequently it was not put back in its original site, and the Earps' grave was without a marker for some time for fear it too might be stolen. What subsequently happened to this chunk of history is anybody's guess.

Then there's the question of whether or not Josie indeed had a monument of some kind placed over his grave in 1929. If so, where did it go when her ashes were buried with his in 1944? The humble headstone which has marked their grave for some forty years now is cemented to a marker next to theirs in the hopes that this arrangement would seriously deter any future souvenir hunters. So far, it has worked.

But now another wrinkle has been added to the mystery. In 1994, a letter was received in the office of the Hills of Eternity Memorial Cemetery with a photo of a "tombstone" in the trunk of a car. The engraving, faintly visible on this perplexing monument, reads: "Here lies Wyatt Earp Marshal of Dodge City Born Mar. 19, 1848 Died Jan. 13, 1929"

This letter came from a sergeant in the Vice/Intelligence Unit in Fresno County, Fresno, California, who took this photo of a photo. When I interviewed him he could (would) not divulge more about its provenance at this time. It is still under investigation. Is this indeed the "original" tombstone placed over Wyatt's grave by Josie? The four holes on the edges make it appear to be a sort of plaque which might have been attached to a wall or pillar. The fact that it states that

IS THIS INDEED THE "ORIGINAL" TOMBSTONE PLACED OVER WYATT'S GRAVE BY JOSIE? THE FOUR HOLES ON THE EDGES MAKE IT APPEAR TO BE A SORT OF PLAQUE WHICH MIGHT HAVE BEEN ATTACHED TO A WALL OR PILLAR.

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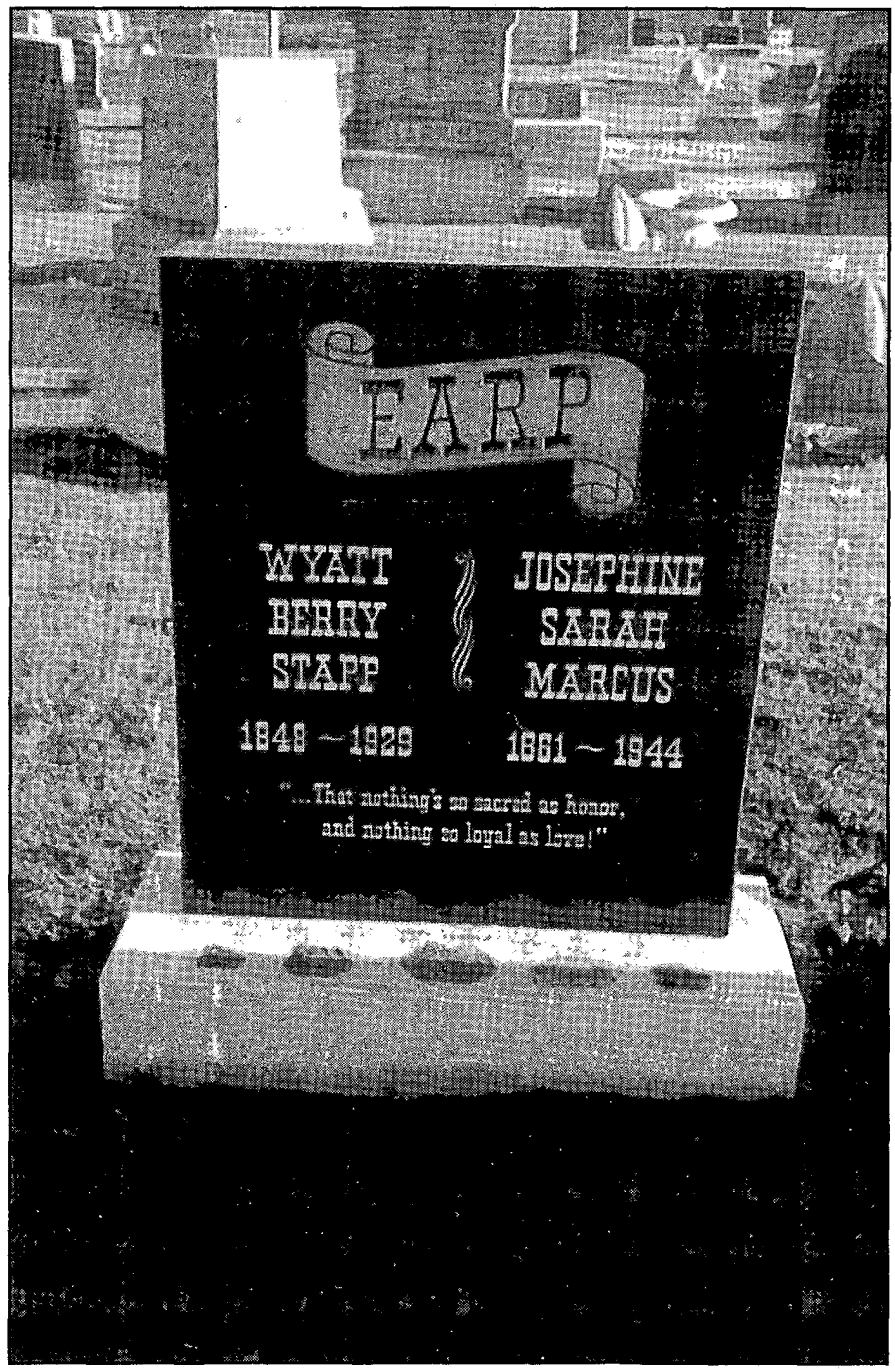
"Here lies Wyatt Earp..." strongly suggests that it could be the original.... But is it?

According to an article by the famous Santa Rosa artist, Lea F. McCarty (published in *True West*, September-October 1957), Josie had Wyatt's ashes buried in a San Francisco cemetery which later became the Stonestown Shopping Center. Is this mysterious "car-trunk" tombstone the "original" placed over his grave there in San Francisco, where, according to McCarty, her ashes were also later deposited? And if so, was there another marker for both of them there...which is, then, also missing? Were their remains subsequently moved down to Colma when construction began at Stonestown? Not according to Judith Edmonson, current general manager of the Hills of Eternity Memorial Park. The Earp ashes were originally placed right where they presently rest, in Colma, just as Josie claims in her "recollections."

McCarty further states that "...it was difficult for me to believe it (the tombstone being stolen) after I had taken a photograph of the gravemarker only three weeks before, now a very rare picture indeed." Efforts to locate this photo, as well as any descendants of Mr. McCarty, who might now possess this photo, have failed. The stone was sixteen inches wide and twenty-two inches long, and was attached to a five-hundred-pound block of concrete.

The 1957 marker also has a bit of a mystery about it. No one knows who had it placed, or who paid for it. No records exist regarding its history. It measures nine by eighteen inches.



Author's Photo

Wyatt and Josephine Earp's new monument, placed December 16, 1996. The face of the monument was designed by the author.

So, many questions remain unanswered. Regarding the stolen monument in 1957, one has to ask whodunit and why? Forty years have passed and still no clues or answers. Threats of prosecution may still hang over the heads of the thieves, unless there is a statute of limitations for this type of crime.

But now, some good news. Since Wyatt is securely ensconced in the" "Legendary Ranks of Immortal Americans," the time has arrived to place a more befitting monument over this "important part of Americana." Accordingly, a new tombstone was placed over the Earp's final resting place on December 16, 1996. It is made of royal black granite, with samples of ore, cut and polished, from his gold mine in the Whipple Mountains embedded in the base. An appropriate epitaph graces this beautiful monument taken from Alice Cary's poem "Nobility," which aptly characterizes the Earp's basic philosophy of life:

"...That nothing's so sacred as honor, and nothing so loyal as love."

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Doc Holliday

BY BEN TRAYWICK

August 14, 1851, Griffin, Georgia—John Henry Holliday is born to Henry Burroughs and Alice Holliday. Their only other child, daughter Martha Eleanora, had died in 1850. Born into the pre-Civil War South, young John had a well-planned education and was endowed with all the natural inheritance of a true "Son of the South."

April 1865—Southern society and the Holliday way of life come to an abrupt end when the Confederacy surrenders and federal troops occupy Georgia.

September 1866—Alice Jane Holliday, John's young and beautiful mother, dies after a long illness. After losing the most important person in his world, John's grief is compounded by his father, who remarries three months later.

March 1, 1872—John Henry Holliday graduates with a degree of doctor of dental surgery from the Pennsylvania College of Dental Surgery in Philadelphia. His final thesis concerns diseases of the teeth.

March 1873—Doc Holliday arrives in Dallas, Texas, and goes to work with Dr. John Seegar, becoming partners for a short time.

January 1, 1875—Holliday and a man named Austin trade gunshots. Neither man's aim is effective. Holliday is arrested and charged with assault to murder.

July 1877—After caning a man named Kahn in Breckenridge, Texas, Holliday is shot and seriously wounded.

October 1877—"Big Nose" Kate Elder meets Holliday in Fort Griffin, Texas. She is to remain the only woman close to him the rest of his life.

November 1877—Doc meets another individual in Fort Griffin who will have an enormous impact on his life—Wyatt Earp. Wyatt and Doc will remain friends until the end.

December 1877—Holliday is arrested for illegal gambling. Kate sets fire to a shed in back of the hotel where Doc is being held and the duo escape to Dodge City, Kan-sas.

March 10, 1879—Holliday is arrested for gambling in Las Vegas, New Mexico.

March 4, 1880—Doc is arrested for carrying a deadly weapon. He shoots Charley White in the Plaza Hotel Saloon. White is knocked unconscious and when he comes to, leaves the West never to be seen again.

October 1880—Milt Joyce, owner of the Oriental Saloon, breaks up an altercation between Holliday and Johnny Tyler. Tyler leaves the saloon as requested but Holliday refuses to go. Joyce forcibly puts Doc out, and Holliday returns with a pistol. Firing two shots, Doc hits Joyce in the thumb and strikes William Parker in the big toe.

October 12, 1880— Tombstone Marshal Fred White appears in court with Holliday, who was charged with assault with a deadly weapon. None of the prosecution witnesses appear. The court accepts Doc's plea of guilty to assault and battery and he is fined $20 plus $11.25 in costs.

July 6, 1881—A warrant is issued for Holliday charging him with mail robbery and murder at Contention City. The warrant is issued on the strength of an affidavit signed by Big Nose Kate. She later claims that Milt Joyce and John Behan got her drunk and had her sign the affadavit, not knowing what it was.

July 9, 1881—The district attorney examines the evidence and clears Holliday of any guilt. The case is dismissed.

August 13, 1881—Local cattlemen led by "Old Man" Clanton are murdered in Guadalupe Canyon. Some believe they were killed by an Earp-led posse.

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True West Legends

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October 25, 1881—Ike Clanton and Doc Holliday have a drunken argument. Ike tells Doc that he and the Earps had better get ready to fight.

October 26, 1881—The Cowboy faction "opens the ball" with the Earp brothers and Holliday in the fight that has become known as the "Gunfight at the O.K. Corral." Billy Clanton, Tom and Frank McLaury die in flame and gunsmoke. Virgil and Morgan Earp are seriously wounded. Doc is creased by a bullet, and Wyatt walks away unscratched.

January 17, 1882—A confrontation between Holliday and Cowboy John Ringo takes place on Allen Street. Jim Flynn, acting marshal, subdues Ringo while Wyatt hustles Doc away.

March 18, 1882—Morgan Earp is murdered while shooting pool in Campbell and Hatch's Saloon and Billiards Parlor. Doc goes berserk at the news of Morgan's death and kicks in doors all over Tombstone, looking for Frank Stilwell and John Behan, who he believes to be responsible.

March 20, 1882—The Earp federal posse, Wyatt and Warren Earp, Sherman McMasters, Turkey Creek Jack Johnson, Texas Jack Vermillion, and Doc Holliday, find Frank Stilwell skulking around the Tucson rail-yard. Wyatt shoots and kills him, but Doc shoots him twice more, "because he felt like it."

March 22, 1882—The Earp posse finds Florentino Cruz at Pete Spencer's wood camp at South Pass in the Dragoon Mountains and leave him to die, riddled with bullet holes.

March 24, 1881—Near Iron Springs the posse encounters Curly Bill Brocius and eight of his Cowboys. In the ensuing battle Wyatt kills Brocius and mortally wounds Johnny Barnes.

April 1882—The Earp posse disbands and leaves Arizona Territory. Wyatt, Warren, and Doc head to Colorado.

May 29, 1882—Attempts are made to extradite Doc to Arizona, but Colorado Governor Frederick Pitkin refuses to honor the extradition requisition, knowing it would be Doc's death warrant.

July 12, 1882—According to Wyatt, he and Doc return to Arizona by stage, rail, and horseback. Meeting Fred Dodge, Oregin Smith, Johnny Green, John Meagher, and Lou Cooley at Henry Hooker's ranch, the posse locates John Ringo on the Galeyville trail. Earp shoots and kills Ringo, while Doc drinks the Cowboy's coffee. The posse takes the body down the trail and places it between the trunks of some intertwined oak trees. Wyatt and Doc return to Colorado.

August 19, 1884—As Billy Allen enters Hyman's Saloon, Doc shoots him in the right arm. As Allen lays on the floor screaming, Doc leans over the counter and shoots again, this time missing. Bystanders disarm Holliday before he can fire again.

November 8, 1887—Doc pushes in his last chip, dying in the Hotel Glenwood in Glenwood Springs, Colorado. His body was buried and the grave lost somewhere in the Linwood cemetery.

What to read:

Doc Holliday, by John Myers Myers. (University of Nebraska Press, 1973, fourteenth reprint.)
Aristocracy's Outlaw, by Sylvia D. Lynch. (Iris Press, 1994.)
John Henry, by Ben T. Traywick. (Red Marie's Books, 1996.)

Where to Go:

Dodge City, Kansas. During Holliday's "dentistry" years, he practiced his trade in Georgia, Texas, Colorado, and finally the cattle hub of Dodge City.
Tombstone, Arizona. Many of Doc's haunts still stand, or have at least been rebuilt, to mirror the mining town where Holliday's legend peaked.
Glenwood Springs, Colorado. Retreating to Glenwood's sulphur springs to seek relief from his tuberculosis, Holliday finally died and was buried in the local cemetery in November of 1887. Unfortunately his grave was lost and today his headstone rests where oldtimers "think" they laid the famous gambler to rest.

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Outlaws & Lawmen

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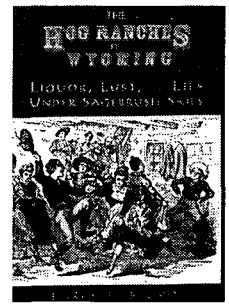

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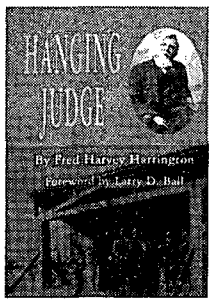

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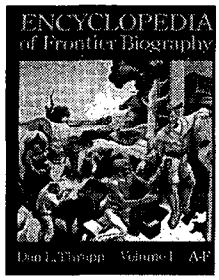

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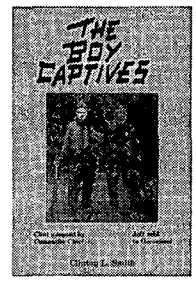

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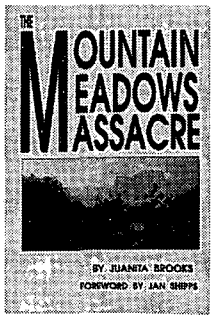

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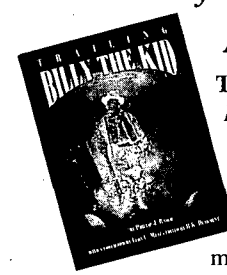

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There had been strange goings on at the Gunness farm. Belle Gunness had moved there from Illinois after her first husband's death. She quickly remarried and then just as quickly was widowed again after her new husband's sudden and accidental demise. Available again, Gunness seemed to have no trouble attracting suitors as men like Andrew Helgelein showed up from all parts of the country. They soon disappeared. Now family members, and local law enforcement were becoming suspicious of both Gunness and her handyman Ray Lamphere. Writer Glenn Shirley continues the tale of:

The Bloody Butcher of Laporte: Part II

Though Andrew Helgelein was out of the picture, things had soured between Belle Gunness and Ray Lamphere. Lamphere appeared in Laporte on a record-breaking binge and mumbled to drinking companions that, in event of his sudden death, an autopsy should be held to determine if he had been poisoned.

Belle didn't let the remark go unnoticed. She promptly spread word that Lamphere had, on several occasions, threatened her life. Lamphere countered: "I know enough about that she-devil, she don't dare turn me out." Belle appeared at the courthouse, charging that Lamphere had threatened to burn her home and was a menace to the public due to insanity. After a brief hearing, Lamphere was judged sane.

Lamphere went back to the farm, apparently to patch up matters. Another quarrel ensued. Again Belle had him arrested, this time charging criminal trespass.

In the hearing before Justice Robert C. Kincaid, Lamphere's attorney asked Belle pointed questions concerning the deaths of her two husbands, Sorenson and Gunness, and wanted to know if she had not insisted that Lamphere's life be insured. Belle, perfectly composed at first, trembled as the questions became more numerous. Her attorney objected to the questions as "leading, irrelevant, and somewhat insulting." They were not answered, and Belle left the stand visibly shaken.

Author's Collection

Belle Gunness.

Found guilty, Lamphere paid a small fine, and moved his belongings to the John Westbrook farm near Springville, where he had worked before being employed at the Gunness establishment.

Sheriff Smutzer and Justice Kincaid discussed the letter received from Andrew's brother, Selmer Helgelein. "I've never felt right about that woman since she claimed that meat grinder fell on her husband's head," Kincaid said, bluntly. "And she did collect $4,000." Smutzer announced that he was launching a full investigation into the unexplained disappearances of the men who had visited the farm since 1903.

This reached the ears of Mrs. Gunness. She sold the hogs that remained in her pen to the Laporte commission company, saying she was getting out of the sausage business, and withdrew

• BY GLENN SHIRLEY •

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her savings from the bank (allegedly $20,000). On April 26, she was back in Laporte inquiring the whereabouts of Lamphere, telling one of his drinking companions, "It is important that he see me."

Shortly after three o'clock the morning of April 28, an angry red glow suffused the sky above town. Neighbors found the Gunness farmhouse a mass of flames, and firemen were able to save only the barn and stock. They could only wait in the fierce heat as the walls sagged and the roof caved into the cellar-basement.

Author's Collection

Investigators digging in the basement area of the Gunness home uncovered the bodies of three children and a headless woman.

By dawn, the house had been reduced to smoldering ruins. Digging through the debris, investigators found four charred bodies. Three were children. The other was the headless remains of an adult woman, the shoulders and neck burned to a crisp.

"Find the head!" Sheriff Smutzer ordered. "If it's in here, we have to find it."

No head was uncovered. However, a gold wedding band engraved "PG to BG," given to Belle by Peter Gunness, was found on the woman's hand. The coroner noted in his report that Belle Gunness and her chlldren—Myrtle, Lucy and Phillip—had perished in a fire of undetermined origin.

Ray Lamphere, of course, was the prime suspect. At the Westbrook farm, Smutzer was informed that his quarry had been absent during the night, but had come in about 6:30 AM, stating that he had seen a fire which he thought was the Gunness house. Told that he would probably be "pulled" for the affair, Lamphere had gone into hiding. Smutzer arrested him in a patch of timber, concealed in the trunk of a hollow tree.

Lamphere claimed to have spent the night with a well-known Laporte prostitute. The woman denied it. And a youth on his way to work at three o'clock in the morning had seen Lamphere running from the Gunness house after the fire started.

Smutzer ushered his prisoner to the morgue to view the headless body. Lamphere declined to look at it. Then the sheet covering the children was thrown aside, and the sheriff exclaimed, dramatically: "That's what you have done!"

Lamphere paled, and said, "Oh, my God," but quickly regained his composure and turned away from the slabs. Contrary to the sheriff's expectations, he did not break down and continued to assert his innocence. He was lodged in the Laporte County jail, charged with arson and murder.

Next, Smutzer learned that Lamphere had lied about spending the night of January 14 in Michigan City, when Andrew Helgelein disappeared. A frequent companion of Lamphere's had driven Lamphere to Michigan City that afternoon, arriving a little after six o'clock. They had spent a couple of hours or so eating and drinking in a local bar and returned to Laporte before 11 PM. Lamphere had left his rig opposite the Gunness farm and "cut across the field in that direction," remarking that "something was doing there that night" and Helgelein "wouldn't bother him no more."

"You've lied to me twice," Smut-zer said to Lamp-here, in his jail cell. "Now tell me the truth about what happened to Andrew Helgelein."

"If you want the real truth, sheriff, you'll have to ask Belle," Lamphere replied. "There's a lot I know about her goings on at the farm—that's why she tried to have me put out of the way. I'll tell you she was a real devil, that woman."

Then, he added, "No matter what happens to me, that's all I'm going to say."

The investigation seemed practically at an impasse at this point. News of the fire and the developments concerning his brother brought Selmer Helgelein from South Dakota. He carried correspondence between Mrs. Gunness and Andrew, in which the woman's endearing terms were numerous, including explicit directions as to the methods Andrew was to collect his resources, and such phrases as "we must pray God to protect us from evil."

Helgelein and Smutzer departed for the Gunness farm with shovels. The first thing they noticed was a "soft spot" in the garden. They unearthed a gunny sack. Sewn up inside were the limbs and head of Helgelein's brother. Next Andrew's

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Author's Collection

Digging in Belle Gunness' garden "cemetery," two bodies were found in hole "D"; two in hole "A"; four in hole "E"; and four in hole "C."

trunk was found and readily identified by an old scar from a boyhood wound.

Nearby they unearthed the body of a girl, buried on a rotted bed tick four feet under-ground. Its condition precluded any possibility of chemical analysis to determine the cause of death. There was not enough flesh left to show evidence of wounds, and the crumbling skull revealed none. But the body corresponded to the size of Jennie Olsen, not heard of since she reportedly had gone to school in California.

Antone Olsen came from Chicago to help identify the daughter he had placed in the care of Belle and Peter Gunness. It was believed the girl had been poisoned for fear she would expose the "murder mill" operating on the farm.

Never before had Indiana been so aroused by a crime. The morbidly curious and people hoping for information on missing relatives streamed in from states as far away as Kansas, Missouri, and New York. Newspapermen converged on Laporte, hungry for the details.

On May 6, twenty diggers were added to the "garden party." Three feet below the rotted bed tick, they uncovered two badly mutilated bodies, and within six feet of the spot, a wooden box, which fell to pieces when their spades struck it. Inside were the grisly remnants of another man. The three were identified as Moo, Budsberg, and Gurholt. A close examination in the morgue showed that quicklime had been liberally used on the victims to hasten decomposition.

Informed of the discoveries in an effort to obtain a confession, Lamphere exclaimed: "Five bodies! What wouldn't that woman do ?"

Again he denied that he had murdered Mrs. Gunness and her children and set fire to the house to conceal his crime, or that he was an accomplice in the murder of Andrew Helgelein.

"People came to that farm who never were seen go away, and that's all I know about it," he said. He shrugged, and slumped back in his cell.

Nevertheless, County Attorney Ralph N. Smith announced ready to present the case for indictment and trial: "I am satisfied that we have collected evidence of such character that Lamphere's responsibility for the deaths in the fire will be established beyond a reasonable doubt."

Then Miss Jennie Garwood, a teacher at the Quaker school which the Gunness children attended, volunteered this information: "The day before the fire, the children came to school in tears. When I asked why they had been crying, Myrtle replied, 'Mama told us to keep out of the basement, but while we were playing we went down stairs. She caught us before we got to the bottom of the steps. She always kept the cellar door locked and got awful mad when anybody went near it. She whipped us, and told us she would punish us worse if we ever tried to get down stairs again.'"

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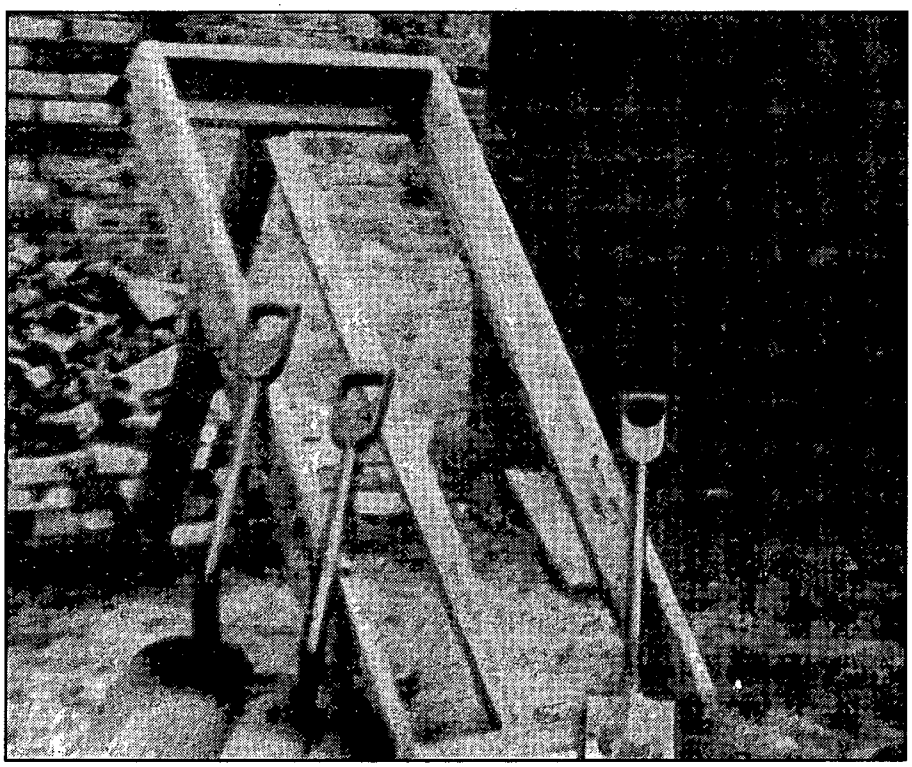

Author's Collection

A sifting box used to sort bones and evidence found in the Gunness house ruins.

Sheriff Smutzer moved to settle the Gunness mystery once and for all. More volunteers went to the farm armed with picks, spades, and shovels. "Dig," Smutzer ordered. "And keep digging until we have this whole damned place turned upside down"

Eleven more complete bodies in decaying gunny sacks were uncovered in the garden, plus additional fragments of skeletons, leg, and arm bones to indicate fourteen men in all had been murdered. Most had been poisoned, stabbed, or their skulls broken with a heavy instrument; others disfigured with lye and dissected to make burial easier. Under the heaps of debris in the cellar were several totally burned trunks, a vat of quicklime, and an assortment of saws and cleavers which, of course, Belle had used only to butcher her hogs.

Despite a feverish search, the head missing from the woman charred in the fire could not be found.

Dr. Walter S. Haines, of Rush Medical College in Chicago, had analyzed the viscera of the fire victims and found strychnine in their stomachs. All had been dead before the fire started.

That Belle had poisoned herself and severed her own head before the house burst into flames was ridiculous. A falling beam, the coroner speculated, had caused the decapitation.

Pathologists who examined the grisly remains in the morgue reported: "The body is that of a plump woman...the same general contour of Mrs. Gunness...but not correctly proportioned. She was about five feet two, weighed less than 130 pounds."

"Dig,'" Smutzer ordered. "And keep digging until we have this whole damned place turned upside down"

"But that's not possible," said Sheriff Smutzer. "Belle Gunness was as tall as I am...large-boned, powerful looking...weighed a full 200."

In every home and every place of business in Laporte tongues began wagging. Clerks who had sold Belle diverse articles of clothing remembered her sizes—biceps 17 inches, bust 48 inches, 37 inches in the waist, and 54 inches in the hips.

"She could not have shrunk so much in the fire," they said. How about her engraved wedding ring found on the hand? It could have been planted there, the skeptics argued. Whether it had been on the finger a long or short time could not be discerned due to the charred flesh.

As if the authorities hadn't enough trouble, two men came forward stating they had seen a small, dark-haired woman get off the train from Chicago the afternoon before the fire and that Mrs. Gunness met her shortly after withdrawing her funds from the bank. The two women had driven toward the Gunness farm.

Had this mystery woman been Belle's "stand-in"? Had Belle substituted the body of another of her own sex, touched off the blaze that incinerated her own children, then fled? The public thought so.

Still, County Attorney Smith insisted: "Belle Gumess is dead. Ray Lamphere murdered her and incinerated her with her children the morning of April 28. There is plenty of evidence to sustain a motive for his doing so. And if he did not participate in the murder of Andrew Helgelein, he at least has guilty knowledge of it."

Enter Dr. Ira P. Norton, a prominent dentist of Laporte. A couple of years previous, he had built a lower bridge for Mrs. Gunness, four porcelain teeth and two bicuspids capped with gold. He could identify his work if a few small teeth could be found in the ruins of the two-story farmhouse.

Sheriff Smutzer thought he knew a way. He engaged the services of Louis Schultz, an experienced miner who had returned to Laporte with pan, cradle, rocker, and all other primitive paraphernalia he had used in the Yukon, hunting gold. Schultz set up a sluice box at the point in the cellar where the headless body had been uncovered. Plenty of running water was made available. If the $300 worth of pre-

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MURDER MYSTERY OF INDIANA FARM GROWS IN HORROR

BELIEVE THAT WOMAN IS NOT DEAD BUT A DUMMY CORPSE IS SUBSTITUTED FOR HER WITH HEAD CUT OFF

NEW BODIES UNEARTHED IN BARNYARD---MORE MAY BE FOUND IN SEARCH

MORE APPALLING THAN THE CRIMES OF THE NOTORIOUS BENDER FAMILY IN KANSAS IN THE EARLY DAYS

POLICE BELIEVE THAT PLACE WAS DUMPING GROUND FOR MURDERS COMMITTED TO SECURE INSURANCE

GREWSOME DISCOVERY IN CRIMINAL ANNALS

INDICTMENTS AGAINST SLAYER

Mrs. Gunness is Officially Declared to be Dead by Coroner. Charg With Arson and Murder

(Associated Press.)

La Porte, Ind., May 22—In returning seven true bills against Ray Lamphere this afternoon the La Porte county grand jury also indicted Mrs. Belle Gunness for the murder of Andrew Helgelin, of Mansfield, S. D. No warrant was issued for Mrs. Gunness as she was declared officially dead by the verdict of Coroner Mack, but in order to vote a true bill against Lamphere as an accessory in the killing of Helgelin it was necessary to indict Mrs. Gunness as the principal. Lamphere now stands before the bar of justice officially charged with arson, five murders and being an accessory in

LAMPHERE TOLD OF CRIME

MURDER FARM IN LIMELIGHT

DYING MAN MADE CONFESSION CONCERNING GUNNESS PLACE.

SOME HORRIBLE DETAILS.

Author's Collection

Various newspapers chronicled the Gunness investigation.

cious metal was in the ashes, he believed he could sift it out.

For three days, great crowds gathered to witness this weird experiment never before used in a murder investigation. They disputed for souvenirs and bought picture postcards of the Gunness family at ten cents each or three for a quarter. Hucksters sold popcorn and tonic water; bookies formed pools and took bets on the date and hour that Schultz would find "gold." Smutzer and two deputies stood guard to prevent the debris in the cellar from being carried off by the bagful.

The debris on the east side of the cellar was screened until exhausted. Then the refuse piles were shoved from the west side of the foundation, and partially back again. On the fourth day, the bookie pool was won. Schultz washed out a piece of bridgework. "No doubt about it," declared Dr. Norton. "Those are Mrs. Gunness' teeth."

In view of this unmistakable finding, the coroner rendered an official verdict: Belle Gunness had burned to death in the fire.

On May 20, Christian services were conducted over the bodies of the unidentified dead. They were buried in the potter's field and a stone later erected with an inscription telling the circumstances of their death. The body of Jennie Olsen was turned over to relatives, and the identified shipped to their home states for burial.

In returning six true bills against Ray Lamphere on May 22, the Laporte County Grand Jury also indicted Belle Gunness in absentia for the murder of Andrew Helgelein. It was necessary to indict Mrs. Gunness as the principal in order to indict Lamphere as an accessory. Lamphere now stood before the bar of Justice charged with arson, the murder of Belle and her children, and accessory to the killing of Helgelein.

The trial began November 17, 1908. Lamphere's love affairs with Mrs. Gunness were interestingly told, their troubles shown by the records of the justice court. Several people testified to the number of threats Lamphere had made against Mrs. Gunness, a saloonkeeper recalling particularly Lamphere's statement in one conversation with him: "I made her go down on her knees last night. I am going to make her get down again tonight, unless she comes up with some money. She bought me this suit of clothes I'm wearing, but I must have money." Physicians who conducted the postmortem over the burned bodies gave the cause of death as strychnine poisoning.

Lamphere did not contradict his statements made in barrooms and to Laporte authorities. The sensation of his defense was the story told by Daniel M. Hutson, a neighbor of Mrs. Gunness and one of the men engaged by Sheriff Smutzer to dig for bodies on the farm. Hutson swore that he had seen Belle alive more than three weeks after the fire:

"I was on the road returning from town with a hay rick and saw two people looking over the ruins of the Gunness house. Mrs. Gunness had on a light skirt, black waist, wide-rimmed hat, white veil on the hat and a black veil that came to her chin. The man weighed about 165

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pounds...gray hair and moustache. When I got within two wagon lengths of them, they got in their buggy and drove on. The horse was a gray, with dapples on its hips as big as half a dollar. I started to follow, but there was too good a chance of getting a chunk of lead."

On cross-examination, Hutson admitted he did not see the woman's face plainly because of the veil. But he knew Mrs. Gunness well and could tell it was her from her "build and walk."

The defense contended that the body found in the ruins must have belonged to the mystery woman Belle had hauled to her home from the Laporte depot the afternoon of April 27.

The Thanksgiving verdict of the jury: Innocent of murder and accessory to murder, but guilty of arson. The sentence was two to twenty-one years in the Indiana state prison at Michigan City. Sheriff Smutzer delivered Lamphere to the penitentiary on November 28.

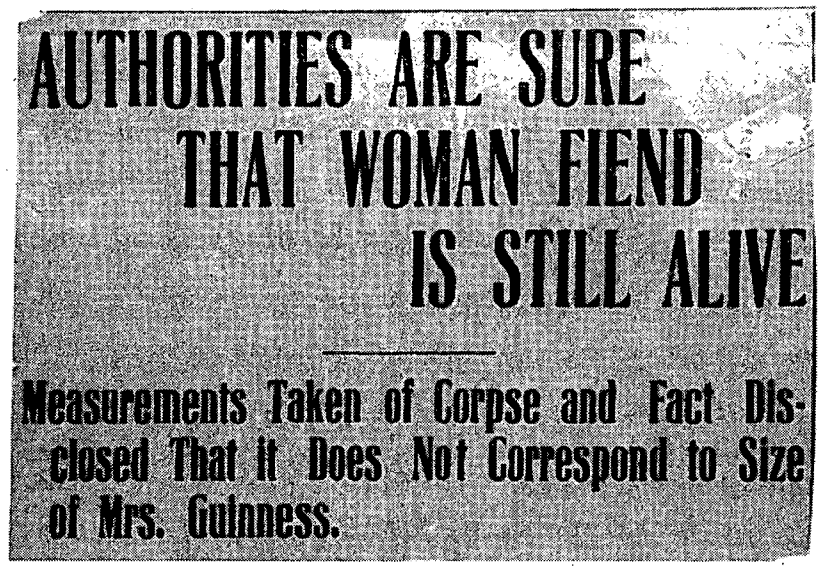
In parting, Lamphere shook hands with the sheriff, thanked him for the good treatment received during the six months he had been confined in the Laporte County jail, and asked if he would say a good word for him at the end of his minimum sentence when his application should come before the pardon and parole board.

Lamphere's last words were significant: "I was drunk when the house started to burn, and don't remember all that happened. I do not know the name of the woman without a head who was found in the ruins, but it was not Belle Gunness."

Now, people really believed that Belle Gunness was alive. A hue and cry went up for her arrest, a large reward was offered, and a worldwide search began. But with all the ingenuity with which she had concealed her hideous crimes, Belle covered her flight.

From time to time sightings were reported from Canada, England, Australia, and Central America.

Author's Collection


AUTHORITIES ARE SURE THAT WOMAN FIEND IS STILL ALIVE

Measurements Taken of Corpse and Fact Disclosed That It Does Not Correspond to Size of Mrs. Guinness.

Amply provided with funds obtained from her victims, she could have made any of these countries a refuge of material comfort, and she had plenty of time to leave the United States before likely points of embarkation were alerted. Each sighting was carefully checked, without results.

Lamphere never saw freedom again. He developed tuberculosis. When told by prison physicians he had less than a month to live, he confessed to his cellmate the whole sordid affair at the Gunness home the morning of April 28.

Belle had lured a drunken derelict from Chicago as her housekeeper, slipped strychnine into her glass of whiskey, then decapitated her to fool the authorities. Belle put the body in bed with the already poisoned children. As a final touch, she placed her wedding ring on the headless woman's finger and tossed in her bridgework. Belle burned the house down around them and made off with the fortune stolen from the men she had murdered.

"She was supposed to contact me later, but never did," Lamphere lamented. "For all I know she's living a high life, maybe in New York or San Francisco....What China blue eyes she had!"

Though difficult to believe, Lamphere died in his cell still in love with the bloody butcher of Laporte.

For nearly a decade after Lamphere's confession, reports on the woman's whereabouts came in a dozen times a year, then very infrequently, and finally not at all.

Belle never surfaced. But she was immortalized in lonely hearts journals and magazines—a widow seeking a spouse was called "a Belle Gunness." And a maudlin song was written about her to the tune of "Careless Love," in part:

> Belle Gunness lived in In-di-an;
> She always, always had a man.
> Who knows how many came to her door
> And were never, never seen no more.

And the last stanza of a piece of bad poetry about her went:

> There's red upon the Hoosier moon
> For Belle was strong and full of doom;
> And think of all them Norska men
> Who'll never see St. Paul again.

Today, though the state is not proud of it, she is a part of Indiana's folklore.

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THE VENGEANCE OF BERT WILKINSON

BY J.S. PETERS

On September 4, 1881, in Silverton, Colorado, twenty-three-year-old Bert Wilkinson was lynched by local vigilantes for killing town Marshal Clate Ogsbury. Although lynching may have been a brutal form of justice, the motive behind Wilkinson's capture was even more ruthless. That's where Ike Stockton entered the picture, the somewhat popular leader of the Durango gang. Stockton and a cohort were deputized to capture Wilkinson. That in itself would normally have been lauded as a glowing social act. What turned everybody against Stockton was that he so unscrupulously set out to apprehend one of his own gang members for the reward. Yet, after it was all over, young Bert Wilkinson appeared to have had the last word in a most unorthodox way.

The Durango gang had been in existence for about a year, led by the devious and calculating Isaac T. Stockton. An emigrant from Texas, via New Mexico, he was described as being "29, but looking four to five years older." He wore a "goatee and moustache, had greyish blue eyes, was mild faced, rather attractive, with nothing brutal or repulsive about his features." He stood five-four, weighed about 164 pounds and was compactly built. "Neatly dressed," he sported "plain round gold studs in his shirt, silver watch and silver chain. Innocent looking and unarmed."

A less pleasant sketch of him

Courtesy Mrs. Pam Birmingham, La Plata County Historical Society

Isaac T. Stockton and wife Ellen Robinson Stockton.

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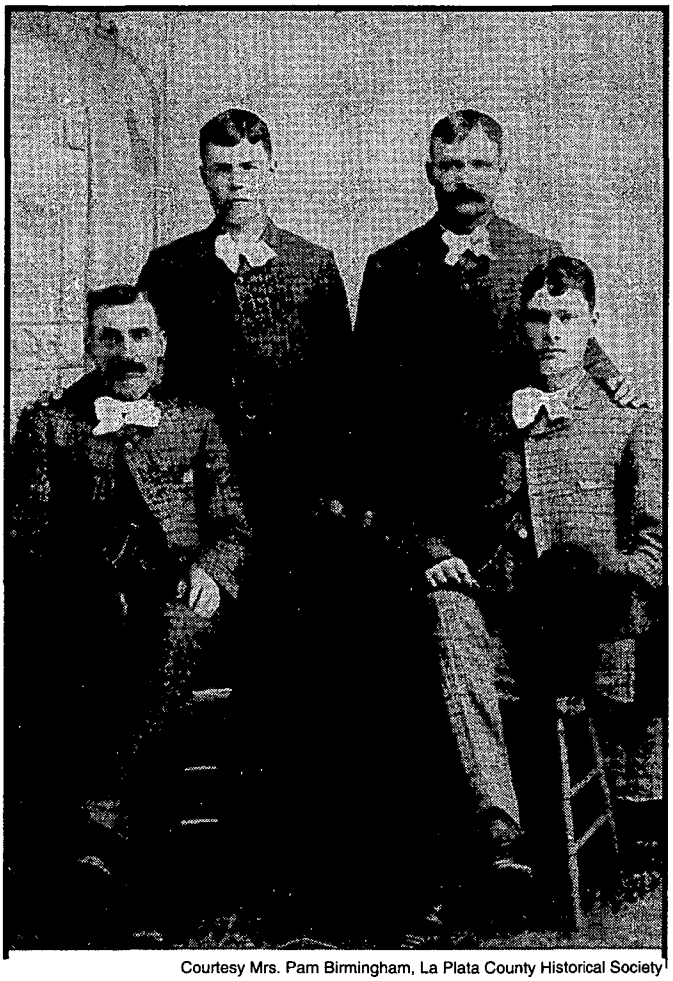

Courtesy Mrs. Pam Birmingham, La Plata County Historical Society

William Porter Stockton (standing, right), and cronies.

Courtesy Mrs. Pam Birmingham, La Plata County Historical Society

Emily "Molly" Cowan Stockton, Port's wife.

states that after being "run out of Kit Carson, (Colorado)," he went to Alamosa from where he was also evicted. Having a reputation for rol-ling drunks, "he was also a stabber in the back, a dirty, cowardly skunk," and had absolutely no redeeming trait. "A sneak and a coward by nature. and treacherous to friend as well as foe."

However dark the latter portrait, it would have to go some to match that of his twin brother, William Porter, often referred to as Port Stockton. A psychopathic killing machine of terrifying proportions, his haunts were mainly the Cimarron and Otero, New Mexico, regions, where he wasted human lives like a human reaping machine. He was finally shot to death by a rival group of herdsmen in his front yard near Flora Vista, New Mexico, on January 4, 1881. Port and a handful of the gang had been living in the vicinity and looking after the group's New Mexico interests.

Ike had taken over a flock of the local flotsam and industriously formed them into an efficient rustling machine. A collection of crusty cowboys led by Harge and Dison Eskridge, they previously had little more on their minds than hoisting a beer, hurrahing the town, or rebranding a purloined cow or two. But Ike envisioned something more ambitious on the horizon. He certainly must have had some of the qualities of a natural leader, at least enough to convince the pack of primitive yokels that he was their man on horseback. After Ike's rulership they were referred to as the Stockton-Eskridge gang, with Harge second in command.

So, with careful planning and low-key maneuvering, Stockton slowly created a firm powerbase. He shrewdly endeared himself to the townspeople by keeping a tight rein on his men so that the citizens would feel relatively safe. He was also clever enough to make certain they concentrated most of their depredations south of the Colorado line, in the Territory of New Mexico. Shortly, they were at war with a faction of rustlers operating out of Farmington, New Mexico, also envisioning dominance. They were led mainly by George Coe, a cattlehand who had of late fled the smoldering ashes of the Lincoln County War, and had fought on the side of Billy the Kid.

The result was that Stockton's followers were looked upon as a bunch of "good ol' boys" fighting off the bad guys of New Mexico. And whatever stock was stolen in Colorado by the Stocktons, it was blamed on the Coe group, along with what the Coes stole in the first place. Even the editor of the Rico, Colorado, newspaper, Charles A. Jones, glowingly and ignorantly championed the Stocktons for a time, labeling the New Mexico band, "the Lincoln County Gang."

But suddenly all that Stockton had painstakingly created now threatened to explode in his face because of gang member Bert Wilkinson's heedless slaying of Silverton Marshal Clate Ogsbury.

Standing nearly six feet tall and weighing 170 pounds, the blue-eyed Wilkinson was a good-natured lout, if none too bright. But his janitor and handyman job at a Durango printing office somewhat cramped his ambitious nature, so he quit to take up silver mining in nearby Rico. Before long he hooked up with some of the Stockton party, working mines with them, as well as being a part-owner of a mine with Ike. Ike, besides dabbling in silver mining, also ran a bar in Durango.

Wilkinson'n first killing took

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place a year before the Ogsbury shooting. On Christmas Eve, in crowded Marnhal's Saloon in Durango, Jerry Barthol picked a quarrel with him. Barthol for some reason held a grudge over a game of poker which took place months previous in Rico. Following the renewal of their difficulties, Barthol left in a snit. He sought out a friend, "Comanche" Bill, and drew him into the dispute. Whatever poison Barthol spread, Comanche bit the bait and agreed to pick a fight with Bert for the purpose of killing him. Oddly, Bert and Comanche had long been on friendly terms, and were known drinking buddies. Yet, after the staged heated exchange, Wilkinson offered Comanche the choice of weapons.

"Guns," announced Bill.

Bill then asked Bert at what distance.

"Where we stand," answered Bert.

Bill quickly drew and shot but missed. Bert didn't and nailed Bill in the head, liberally scattering its limited contents. Immediately, the toddy-soused spectators decided to join in on the holiday fun and commenced firing at both men. Commanche was hit twice more as he was in his death fall, while Bert was miraculously unscratched.

Looking back, Ike Stockton undoubtedly cursed Wilkinson's luck, but came up with a plan he believed would save the situation. He would go to County Sheriff Luke Hunter with his friend, Marion Cook, and offer their services as deputies to bring in the fugitive. Capturing and turning over the slayer of a lawman to the Silverton authorities would have nothing less than a positive effect. It would show that he was not at war with the law or the citizens and would clean up his outfit's image. It would save his rustling ring. And, to wet his righteous appetite, there was a $2,500 reward which he would split with Cook. Ike further realized, and it was common knowledge, that the Silverton vigilantes were itching to get their hands on the killer. There would be no trial.

The Ogsbury shooting had taken place just a few days before, on August 24. It all started with a simple robbery. Wilkinson and two others, Jim Catron and "Black Kid" Thomas, held up Miller's saloon that afternoon thirty miles west of Silverton. Celebrating a day later in Durango, Catron got drunk and was thrown in jail. His incarceration was brief though, for in a short time he was freed by his two compatriots who simply removed a part of the roof of the hoosegow. Following his release, Catron wisely fled to parts unknown while the other two, now joined by Dison Eskridge, Harge's younger brother, rode off to Silverton.

Courtesy Mrs. Pam Birmingham, La Plata County Historical Society

Confectionery stand, Durango.

Sheriff Luke Hunter, tipped off as to who the liberators were and in which direction they had headed, immediately galloped the forty miles to Silverton with warrants. Arriving at his destination about midnight, he located their whereabouts within minutes. Stabling his horse, he went with Charley Hodges, the stableman, in search of the town marshal, Clate Ogsbury. At the Senate Billiard Hall a Mr. Goode informed them that Ogsbury was in the back room catching a few winks. While the sheriff, accompanied by Goode and Hodges, left to wake the marshal, an eavesdropper, Dick Simms, went swiftly to warn

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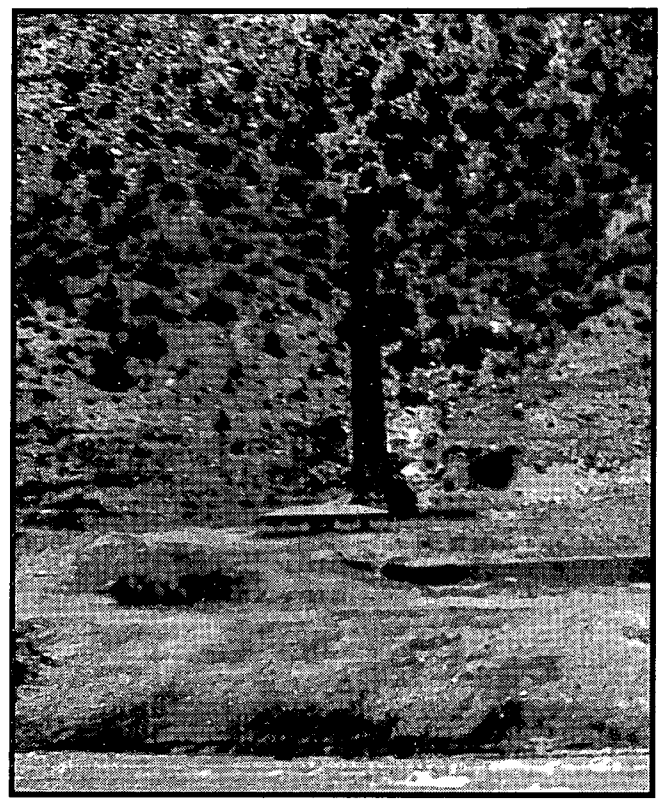
Wilkinson and his cronies.

As Wilkinson, Eskridge, and Thomas were exiting a dance hall after being alerted, Sheriff Hunter, Marshal Ogsbury and Hodges arrived. Ogsbury, put a hand on Wilkinson's shoulder and said, "I want you." Bert drew and put a bullet into Ogsbury's body, killing him instantly. Shooting then became general, with fifteen to twenty lead missiles cutting through the morning air. The patrons in the dance hall hit the floor at the sound of the shooting. One men seated at a table was wounded in the side by a stray slug, while the bartender had two bullets tear through his clothes.

With their horses in a pasture and their rifles at the stable, the three desperados had to steal animals to escape into the hills. Half an hour later the Black Kid returned, claiming he had nothing to do with the murder. Revolver taken from him, he was arrested and jailed. He was lynched that night for "being in bad company."

While Wilkinson and Eskridge were scurrying about in the hill country on a pair of jaded horses avoiding numerous posses, freshly appointed deputies Stockton and Cook took to the scent. With Sheriff Hunter's blessings the pair loaded a mule with supplies enough for several days and loped off. But there was one difficulty that Ike had to work out. Dison Eskridge would have to be let go and Bert Wilkinson captured. After all, it was Bert who did the killing. He was the man the law would prefer even though each of their heads carried a $2,500 bounty. But more to the point, Dison's older brother Harge, Ike's second-in-command, was meaner than a snake. If Harge ever got wind of Ike arresting Dison there would be hell to pay, like a quick and well-placed bullet. So what Stockton planned was to separate the two by sending Dison to a nearby ranch for a pair of fresh mounts. With Dison gone he would throw down on Bert and take him in.

Stockton had correctly guessed that the pair would probably hole up at a stage station north of Durango operated by an old acquaintance. Arriving there, the proprietor's wife informed Ike that she had hidden the two in a canyon close by. Explaining that he had come to help the boys out of their difficulties, Stockton smilingly thanked her for taking care of them. The deputies rode out and easily found the gunmen, and all worked out as Ike had planned.



J.S. Peters

Smokestack of San Juan Smelter, since also demolished. Site of Ike Stockton's demise.

After his capture, Wilkinson was taken to Silverton, and jailed as Ike collected the reward. That night, September 4, as Bert had feared and everyone knew, he was taken from his cell and lynched from a beam. Wilkinson died game though, and exonerated Dison Eskridge from any part in the Ogsbury shooting.

Before long everything went awry for Stockton. His brief morality play turned odious and overnight he became a pariah. There was also a change of heart toward the "good ol' boys" of Durango. They were seen now for what they were, an assortment of bullies and thieves.

It had been six months since the railroad boomtown of Durango was incorporated, yet its fledging government had little serious control. It was still mainly in the hands of the gamblers, saloonkeepers, and rougher elements. The business community and less violent citizens tired of it. Desiring change, the ineffective sheriff, Luke Hunter, was voted out of office and a strong law-and-order man, Barney Watson, elected. In turn, the new sheriff appointed Jim Sullivan as his deputy, a man who was no stranger to a badge or gunplay. Both intended to clean up the town, and especially break up the Stockton bunch. Wasting no time, they aimed for the two top men, Ike Stockton and Marion Cook. The sheriff picked up outstanding warrants on both individuals, Ike for the murder of Aaron Baker near Farmington six months before, and Marion for rape and murder in Texas. Cook's real name was Bud Galbreth. Six months previously in Texas, following his arrest for rape, he slew a deputy sheriff during his escape. He now had a $1,700 price tag on him.

Near noon on Friday, September 30, 1881, nearly a month since Wilkinson's lynching, Stockton and Cook boldly pulled into Durango in a wagon. While Cook remained with the vehicle, Ike proceeded down the street. Within seconds Cook was arrested and handcuffed by Watson and Sullivan, then left in the charge of Deputy Jack Wilson. The two lawmen then left in pursuit of Stockton.

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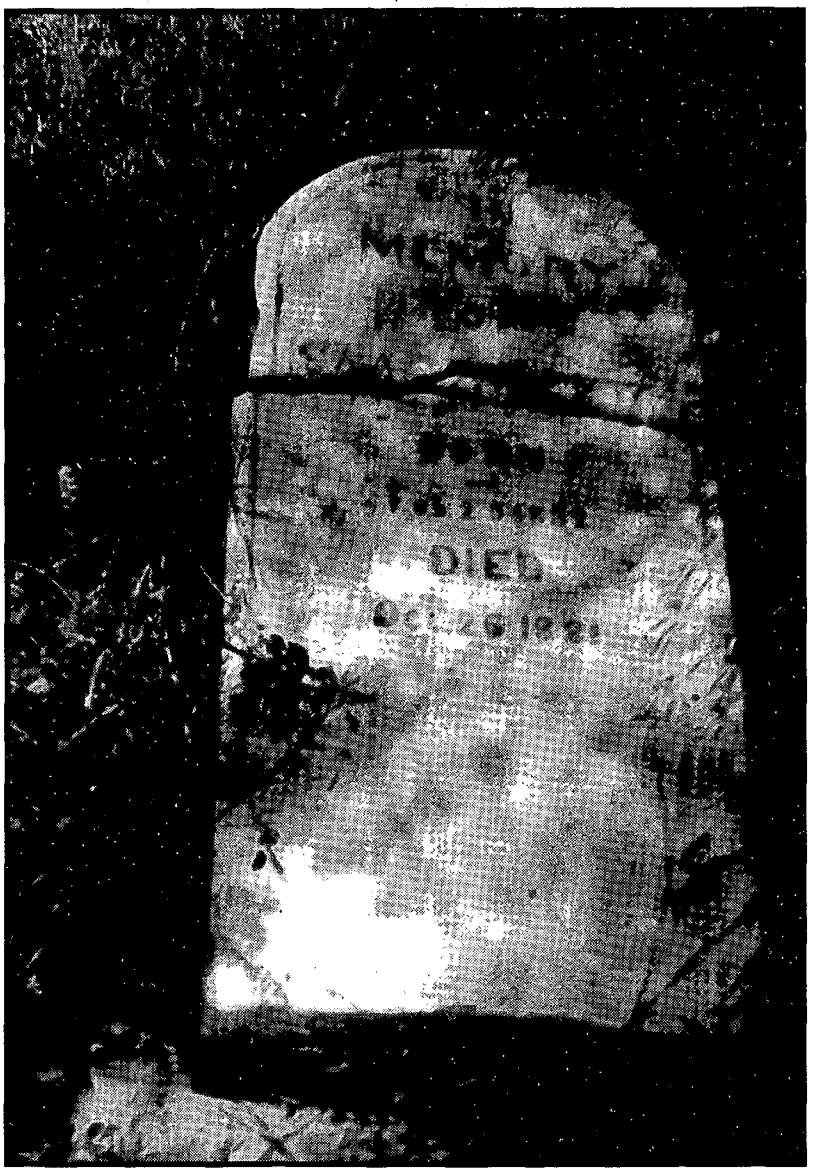
Around the corner and a block later they came upon Ike conversing with Major Peabody. Sullivan placed his hand on the gunman's shoulder and announced his arrest. Stockton leaped into a doorway and twisted to face his antagonist, grabbing for his six-shooter. Watson and Sullivan, revolvers already drawn, each got off a shot simutaneously. Both bullets struck Ike in the same leg, breaking his femur. Stockton, with Cook, was immediately transported in their wagon across the Animas River to the office of a smelter company by the officers to protect them from probable vigilante action. Sure enough, within minutes a rabid crowd swiftly gathered and heatedly chanted again and again, "Go to hell and face Bert Wilkinson!" After a time the milling mob dwindled away, leaving the wounded Stockton with the attending physicians and guards.

Following an operation in the early hours which culminated in the amputation of his shattered leg by six medical men, Ike died in agony the next morning, October 1.

Just moments before his being shot, after Stockton had left Cook at the wagon and walked down the street alone, a local businessman, J.K. Mills, happened on the scene. He knew Ike and saw him strolling a short distance away. But with Ike he saw another man, whom to Mills was a stranger. After a few moments Stockton and his companion turned a corner and disappeared. To quote the Dolores *News*:

> Mr. J.K. Mills, of this city, is a spiritualist, but not a medium. He is a prominent business man, a man of veracity, and commands the respect of his friends and acquaintances. The following is Mr. Mills' experience as related by himself:
>
> Just before the arrest and shooting of Ike Stockton, Mr. Mills, as he states, saw him coming along H Street in company with another man, who was an entire stranger to Mr. Mills. A moment later the arrest was made, the shooting was done, and the second man had vanished. No one else, as far as Mr. Mills could learn by the most diligent inquiry, saw the second man, and consequently no one could tell who he was. Somewhat later Mr. Mills saw a picture of Bert Wilkinson, the man who Ike Stockton betrayed to his death but a few weeks since, and to his utter astonishment he said that he was the man he had seen in the vision it undoubtedly was, as no such person was with Stockton at the time.
>
> Whether this was a hallucination or a spectre, who shall say? We tell the tale as told to us by Mr. Mills himself, whom everyone in Durango knows, and leave our readers to draw their own inferences. Mr. Mills states that he was laboring under no excitement, that he of course had no knowledge of the arrest, and that he did not know who the man was until Wilkinson's picture. Let who will or can account for the phenomenon.



J.S. Peters

Ike Stockton gravestone.

So it seems the crowd had got its wish when it shouted, "Go to hell and face Bert Wilkinson!" It appears that Bert had made a special trip to personally collect the long-overdue Stockton.

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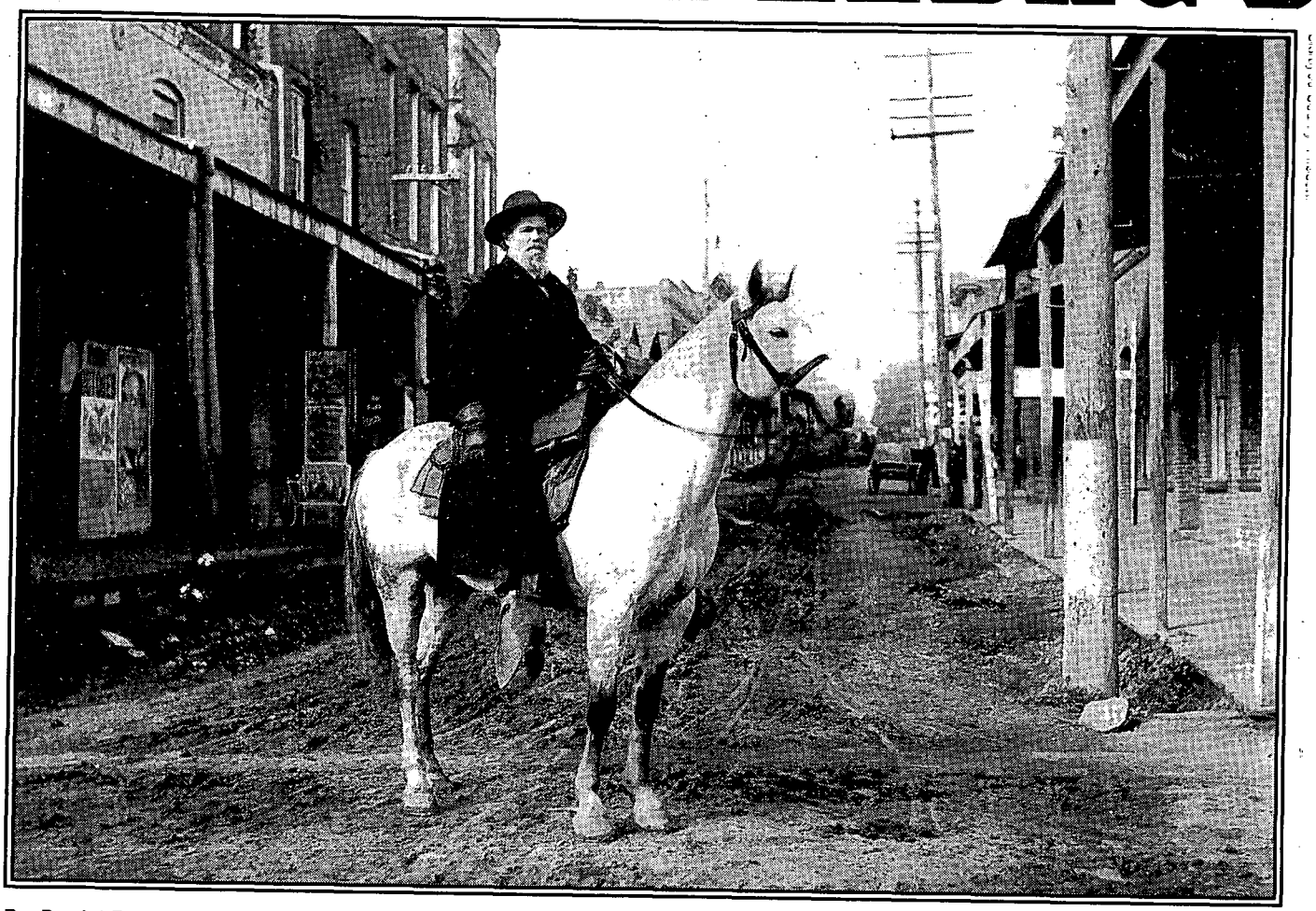
THE SADDLEBAG D



Dr. Daniel Ream on Miner Street, Yreka, California, 1870s.

For over fifty years, from 1856 until the early 1900s, Dr. Daniel Ream travelled to many a mining claim, farm house, trail, and ravine throughout the 150-square mile area of Siskiyou County, California. Astride one obedient saddle horse or another, and with his physician's black bag in tote, Ream pressed along dangerous mountain passes, through rain and sleet, wind and mud, heeding to the call of duty to cure the sick, and to aid the needy in the far northern Mother Lode country.

Many a miner told tales of stepping down from various trails to allow Dr. Ream to pass them, fast asleep on his horse, the snow falling heavily on his ascent or descent over the rolling landscape. His warm-hearted nature and dedication as both a physician and a politician, first as Siskiyou County's sheriff and then as a state senator, made him a familiar figure throughout Siskiyou.

Ream never feared hard work. As a young boy, he helped his family out financially by spending after-school hours tilling the soil and clearing land, chopping wood, building fences, trapping, and hunting. He also helped his father operate their family-owned medicine shop, always located in one town or another throughout Iowa. Daniel's father taught him to read medical journals at an early age. He cared for the store, folded powders, cleaned and filled bottles, and learned about medicine and their uses. From age sixteen until twenty-one, Daniel learned the trade of a pharmacist and practitioner. He may also have received his Eclectic Diploma as an apprentice doctor from the State Medical School in Cincinnati, Ohio at this time.

At age twenty-two, in 1852, Ream left Iowa to seek his fortune in the gold-fields on the Pacific. Although he first worked as a wagon-master and later as a miner, soldier, and cattle-mover, he knew medicine well and practiced it when needed.

Ream often drove an ox-cart on this overland journey, taking only his own medical outfit, a minimal supply of clothing, one horse, and forty dollars in cash. At Soda

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TOR OF SISKIYOU

By Maureen Bell

Springs, near present-day Mount Shasta and the original Oregon-California boundary, the wagons parted. Ream and others went north to Portland, Oregon, arriving there on September 15, 1852. In Oregon, when one immigrant caught typhoid fever and others suffered from cholera, young Ream aided them in their recovery and became highly esteemed by these pioneers.

But when Ream moved south to mine on the Rogue River, the warring natives wanted to boot him out. By 1852, miners had become trespassers to most Indians on the Pacific Coast, including the Rogue, Umpqua, Shasta, and other nearby tribes. Apparently, Ream held his ground on the Rogue River for a few months anyway, as it wasn't until the spring of 1853 that he was driven away. By this time, many white citizens of southern Oregon wished to exterminate the natives. The Indians felt these whites were unfair, for many treaties had been made between them, none of which were kept.

Ream participated in this war and, upon its completion, migrated to Siskiyou County. In the company of another man, Ream moved a band of three hundred cattle through hostile Indian country, bringing them safely to the Siskiyou diggings. After disposing of the cattle, Ream mined on Humbug Creek, making a whopping ten to twenty dollars a day. While at Humbug, one of Siskiyou's richest mining claims, Ream constructed and lined with rawhide the first mining rocker he had ever seen. Whenever sickness or accidents occurred, the miners of Humbug Creek sought out Ream, giving him further income.

By July 1855, the Humbug Indian War broke loose. In this war, Ream commanded a company of seventeen men and was secretary of five companies which drew up resolutions demanding Captain Smith, of the United States Cavalry at Fort Jones, to deliver fugitive Indians. This war exterminated a large number of natives, and caused others to move onto a reservation, displacing them from their ancient homelands.

As the population expanded on Humbug Creek, sickness became widespread. The scruffy miners suffered from scurvy, colds and coughs, intermittent fever, consumption, and terrible diets consisting only of beans and bacon, wheat and coffee. Dr. Ream abandoned mining and became a full-time practitioner.

In 1856, he opened a pharmacy in Deadwood. There on the forks of Deadwood and Cherry creeks where McAdams Creek began, Dr. Daniel Ream became a Siskiyou County citizen, friend, and counselor to many; medically, politically and socially. There he cured seventeen-year-old Cincinnatus Heines Miller, alias Joaquin Miller ("the poet of the Sierras") of scurvy, and they became lifelong friends. And there, where the placer gold was plentiful, Dr. Ream's demand as a warm-hearted, saddle-bag doctor of Siskiyou grew.

Doctors at this time, however, didn't have the best of reputations, as anyone that healed the sick or gave medical advice could claim themselves a physician, the need was so great. On March 12, 1856, California's first state medical school formed in Sacramento. The new *California State Medical Journal* editorialized, "...in no country is there a greater proportion of unscrupulous and murderous pretenders to be unmasked and driven from their unholy and reckless tampering with human life."

Dr. Ream's career as a physician probably grew when the Northern California Telegraph Company connected its lines throughout the Siskiyou in July 1858. Twenty-eight-year-old Dr. Ream now visited people throughout the Scott and Shasta valleys, and even down the Klamath River in Butte Valley to the east, all the way out to the Modoc lava beds.

As a leading doctor of Siskiyou, he now entered the political arena.

Author's Collection

Dr. Henry Roberts, Siskiyou physician.

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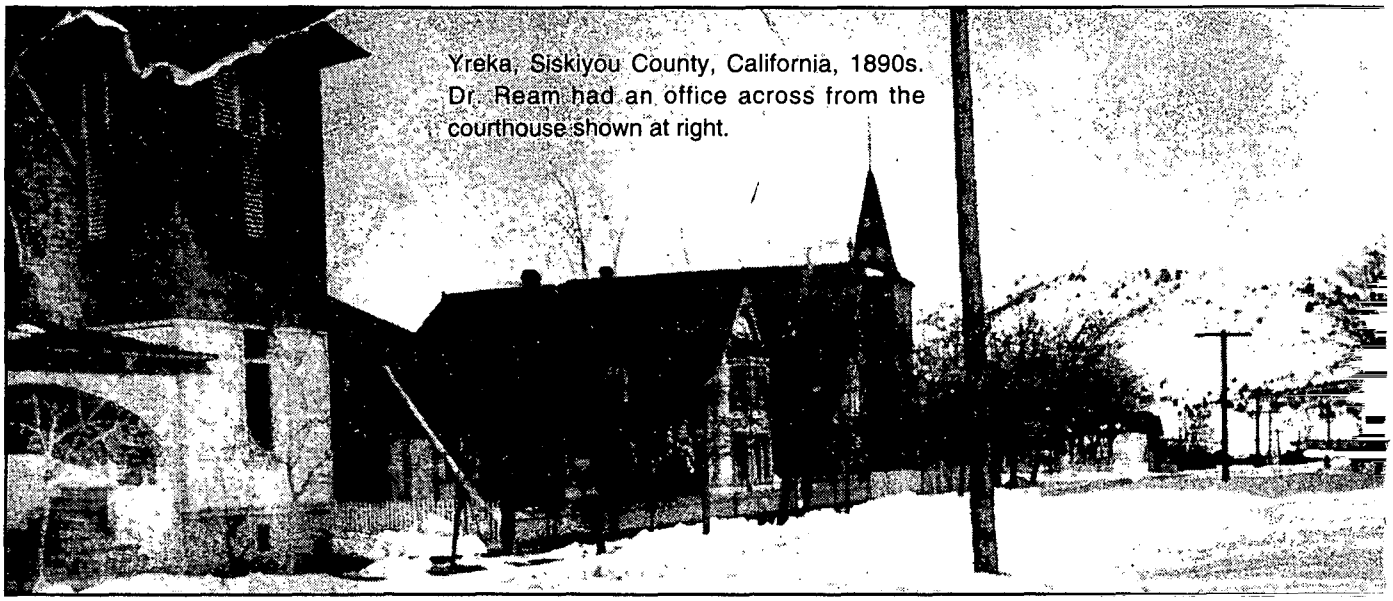

Yreka, Siskiyou County, California, 1890s. Dr. Ream had an office across from the courthouse shown at right.

On September 1, 1859, Siskiyou County's citizens elected him sheriff-coroner. On taking office, he moved to Yreka, the county seat, and opened a pharmacy. Three months later, the Yreka Gas Company lit their new gas lamps on Main Street. Ream's pharmacy and other businesses could now stay open longer hours, expanding industry.

By 1860, one-half of the 16,000 inhabitants, mainly miners, left for the Fraser and Salmon river mines in Idaho, where Chief Joseph and the Nez Perces resided. The once boisterous Deadwood grew quiet. Yreka's population dropped by one-half.

On September 15, 1860, the stage line came through Siskiyou, bringing agricultural and timber commerce, as well as many homesteaders. More miles of serviceable roads lightened the doctors burdens. But the remotest mining regions could still only be reached by trail, on foot, or on horseback.

The ever-popular Ream was elected as Siskiyou County's physician in 1861, and he held the title for the next twenty years. That September, he again became sheriff-coroner, receiving almost half of all votes cast for all three candidates. Ream moved his office to the Plaza, opposite and directly west of the courthouse. And on December 7, 1862, after a two month visit in San Francisco, the Masonic Order of the North Star Lodge at Fort Jones elected Ream as their Worshipful Master for his second term, the first time being from 1859 until 1860. After this, he must have settled down some, for he married Miss Alice Augusta Belden from Akron, Ohio, on September 12, 1864.

By this time, the Civil War had caused many young men to enlist and leave Yreka. Married men or those over thirty-five, such as Dr. Ream, were not required to join these forces.

Then, on April 15, 1865, news of President Lincoln's assassination rang throughout the nation. Within thirty minutes of receiving the announcement, all Yreka businesses closed. Flags hung at half mast. Businessmen draped public buildings in mourning. The citizens of Yreka gathered at thecourthouse. Daniel Ream and others spoke of Lincoln's loss and the break-up of the Union as a national calamity. Ream and others felt that slavery should not exist. Yreka took the form as a moral, responsible community, serving as the legislative and county business center for Siskiyou's vast domain. Dr. Ream became the county's first tax collector.

The following year, Dr. Ream suffered an emotional blow when his wife died while giving birth to a baby girl. The daughter died in infancy, and Alice's mother, Miss Sophia Fellows of Strawberry Valley, near Mount Shasta, became the caretaker for Dr. Ream's two-year-old son, Henry, helping Dr. Ream to continue his career.

By 1870, Siskiyou County's population and wealth had increased due to the development of rich quartz mines, new placer diggings, stock raising, and more families in the area. Yreka and Fort Jones both experienced smallpox and scarlet fever in January and February of 1869. Dr. Ream was kept busier than ever, especially since he played the political part.

On April 2, 1869, Yreka's only Republican frontier newspaper accused Dr. Ream of "attempting to be dictator at the coming Democratic County Convention." Altough the press threw "darts" into his political ring, Ream retained his composure and his votes. Perhaps like other western doctors who enjoyed politics, Ream's tongue was as sharp as his scalpel. The bitter pills he dished out were not always medicinal.

Although Ream now served as the county physician and the county tax collector for Siskiyou, he wasn't too busy in May 1871 to open a skating rink on the lower story of Colton's theatre, where the famous Lotta Crabtree sang and danced for the miners over a decade before. The rink, also owned by two other Yreka businessmen, was patronized by many ladies. Dr. Ream, with his kindly face, full beard, and beautiful

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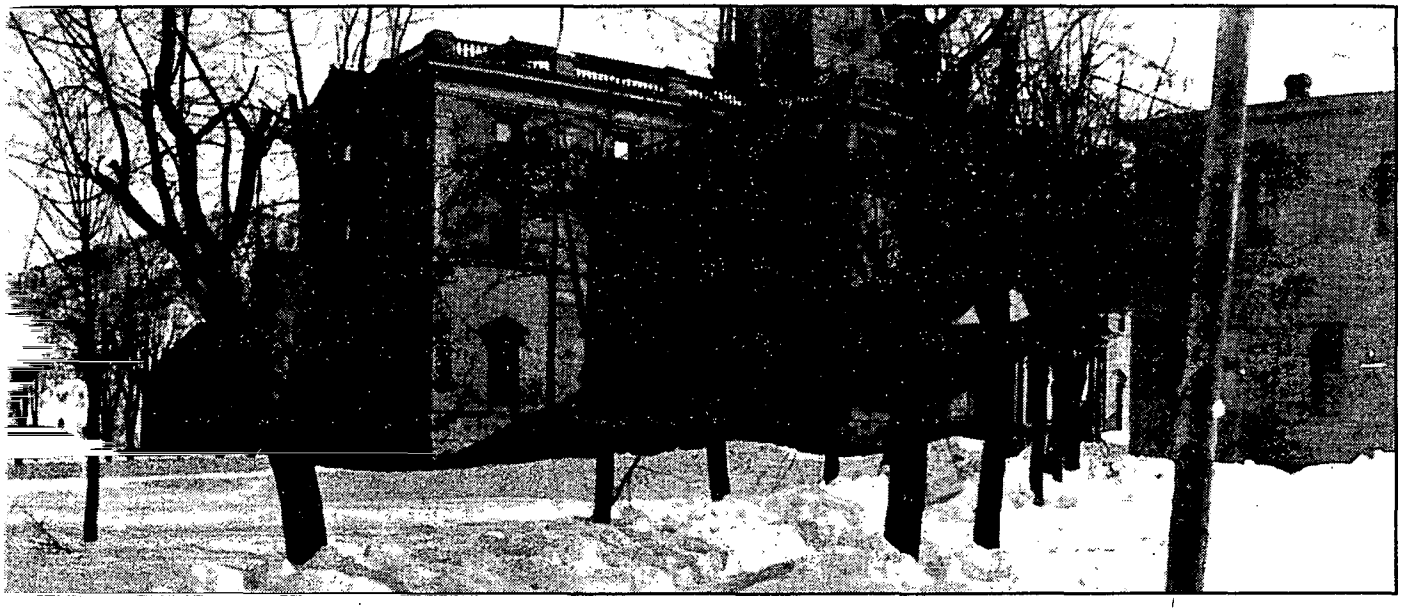

curly hair worn long down the neck, seems to have been popular with them. They would often hold picnics and other gala events at Ream's Grove, on the south side of town, for Sunday school children and other benevolent causes. These ladies must have wanted to woo him, and in 1875 he did marry a Yreka native daughter, Miss Laura Virginia Calhoun.

The patriotic Ream rode his obedient saddlehorse in many parades, more often than not serving as grand marshal. On the Fourth of July 1871, many Yreka citizens visited Scott Valley for a parade and other social events. When Ream returned to Yreka that day, he became heartbroken. That mid-afternoon, a bundle of firecrackers ignited on the back porch of a Chinese washhouse on the north side of Miner Street. The Independence Day fire quickly spread across the street, sweeping into the open, upper loft of a stable, possibly Ream's, which was full of hay. The flames engulfed the stable, and then ignited the nearby Colton theatre. Great sheets of flame leaped into the air, scorching everything in all directions.

In one hour, the flames demolished one-third of Yreka. It took two days to extinguish the flames. Thirty-five homes and the whole downtown business district were destroyed. With aid from San Francisco and the Masonry Society of California, brick buildings replaced the wooden ones.

In 1872, Dr. Ream held the contract as the administrator of Yreka's only hospital, receiving a salary of $250 per month. That year, Yreka's newspaper lambasted Ream for keeping patients in the hospital longer than needed.

But 1872 wasn't all bad for Ream. Joaquin Miller came to visit for two days on his way to Oregon. By this time, the poet had gained considerable fame in both the states and in Europe. He and Dr. Ream visited old scenes and companions on McAdams Creek and the surrounding region. Dr. Ream reminisced about a time when doctors were sorely needed.

When the California legislature passed its first medical-practice law in 1876, however, doctors were held in low regard. Many doctors, commonly known as quacks, had forged diplomas. The Yreka *Journal* bashed Ream, doubting his qualifications as a true doctor, even after his many years of service to the people of Siskiyou. Fortunately, the California Medical Act granted Dr. Ream a diploma, claiming he had continuously practiced medicine for over twenty years, fulfilling a great need.

Ream not only helped in the advancement of medicine in the frontier West, his long experience in surgery enabled him to perfect a glue bandage, used in the setting of fractured limbs. Neither crudely constructed splints nor the hard-to-get plaster of paris were now necessary. Many on the frontier felt Ream's bandage an improvement over any other method.

In 1877, Ream became a California senator on the Democratic ticket, representing Modoc, Siskiyou, Shasta, and Trinity counties. No other Siskiyou County doctor and few California physicians ever were so cordially received before an electorate. During his service as state senator, Ream performed as chairman of the committee on hospitals, gave diligently to education, to mines and mining, and petitioned bills. He opposed Chinese and pauper immigration, as well as monopolies. He also wielded an influence in gaining admission to practice, without discrimination, to applicants from all schools of medicine. In 1878, he toured the state as a stump speaker.

Ream not only helped in the advancement of medicine in the frontier West, his long experience in surgery enabled him to perfect a glue bandage, used in the setting of fractured limbs.

That year the Yreka newspaper still found reason to bash Ream. The board of supervisors had pur-

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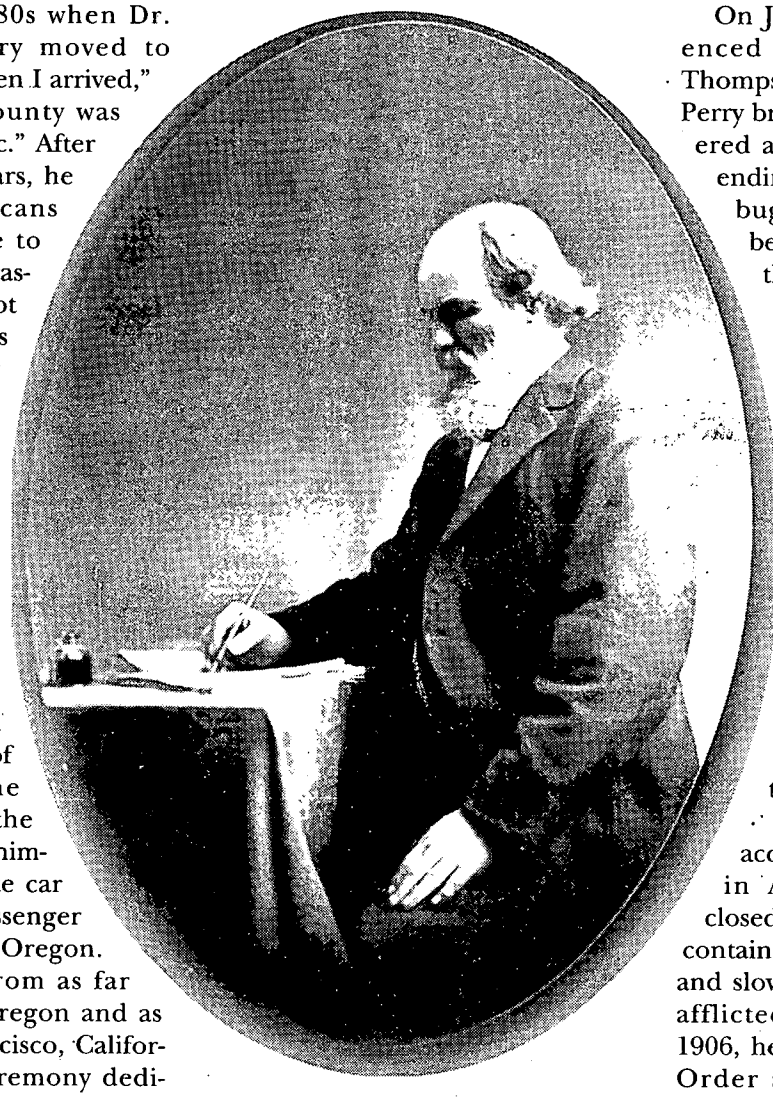
chased Dr. Ream's dwelling and land for a hospital, at a price many considered excessive. Ream in turn bid for the old hospital and large lot near the court house on Oregon Street. The *Journal* threw verbal bombs in Ream's face when they heard the low price he paid for the property. They felt it a scandal.

"Ream's ring" was severely crippled in the late 1880s when Dr. Calvin Levi Gregory moved to Siskiyou County. "When I arrived," he claimed, "the county was hopelessly Democratic." After living there a few years, he and other Republicans decided to organize to put the Democratic rascals out and put in a lot of Republican rascals instead. Dr. Gregory became an arch foe of his Democratic counterpart, Dr. Ream.

Ream's popularity did not decrease completely. On December 17, 1887, the Southern Pacific Railroad Company connected Siskiyou County with the rest of the West Coast. One day before opening the line, Dr. Ream found himself boarding a private car for the first of all passenger rides up to Ashland, Oregon. People journeyed from as far north as Portland, Oregon and as far south as San Francisco, California to attend this ceremony dedicated to those who labored to build the railroad through rugged Siskiyou. Ashland's Brass Band furnished favorite music and a joyous time was had by all.

In late December 1890, early January of 1891, and again in January of 1901, even the trains couldn't get through. Great snowstorms buried the landscape. Dr. Ream was always amazed by how fast and heavily the snow fell in Siskiyou. The snowstorms caused heavy flooding, washing out bridges, and knocking down buildings. Even at these times Dr. Ream may have taken tedious and dangerous trips over the mountains, for people said of him that he had never missed a journey on account of snow or water.

By the turn of the century, people used the town's hitching posts less often. Yreka still hadn't grown much. Wooden sidewalks still graced Miner Street. Iron doors still hung. The telephone, which became fashionable by 1896, now benefited both patient and doctor.



Author's Collection

Dr. Daniel Ream in later years.

Down Miner Street, near Main, was the office of Dr. Ream. He still stood tall and proud, but his whiskers had tinged from chewing too much tobacco. A skeleton hung just inside the front door. Rows of bottles containing hands and other organs of the body preserved in alcohol lay on a nearby shelf. Dr. Ream, esteemed by the majority of his fellow citizens, often helped those who needed his aid the most, regardless of the fee he received for it. His practice had waned, and now younger physicians, such as Dr. McNulty who made house calls on his bicycle, had taken over the physician's leading role in Siskiyou.

On June 16, 1903, Yreka experienced great excitement as Dr. Thompson and his partner Manuel Perry brought the first gasoline-powered automobile into Yreka, thus ending the age of the horse and buggy doctor. A new era had begun, a transition as great as the discovery of gold.

At age seventy-five, Dr. Ream commanded such poise, and looked so handsome, that age seemed an easy burden. Rarely had he gone to bed on account of sickness, or experienced a headache, toothache, or earache. That year, he made a ninety mile trip on horseback in just sixteen hours. But the hours he spent being cold on this trip dipleted his bodily resistance.

The following year he acquired acute bronchitis. Late in August 1906, he quietly closed his never-locked office safe containing $3000 in $20 gold pieces and slowly walked home to rest his afflicted body. On September 1, 1906, he passed away. The Masonic Order at Fort Jones hosted the funeral. Dr. Ream was then California's oldest Worshipful Master. The local Dr. C.W. Nutting paid eulogy to Ream and his life. The Yreka doctor, J. Roy Jones, in his book *Saddle Bags of Siskiyou*, wrote of Ream, "A knight there was, and that a worthy man."

Although he never acquired fame outside his own mountain sphere, Dr. Daniel Ream deserves recognition. He truly was a saddlebag doctor, and as such an epitome of the western frontier.

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Pecos Soldiers

The Pecos Ranchers in the Lincoln County War. By T. Dudley Cramer. Branding Iron Press, PO Box 518, Orinda, California 94563. 215 pp. $40.00 cloth, $22.95 paper bound.

Like Custer's Last Stand, New Mexico's Lincoln County War (1877-1881) continues to fascinate readers, probably because it is seen as the West's classic range war ("and then some!") and because it featured the enigmatic Billy the Kid. But the romanticized young gunman was only a minor character in the war compared to monopolist merchants Lawrence Murphy and James Dolan and their rivals for political and economic control of the area, Alexander McSween and John Tunstall, backed by cattle baron John Chisum. There are really no good guys in the story, although, over the years, Murphy and Dolan have had the "black hats" jammed down over their heads even when Billy Bonney has not been whitewashed by apologists.

The violent squabble over such spoils as government beef contracts was worsened by accusations of rustling of livestock by cowboys on both sides of the conflict. Murphy and Dolan were supported by the notorious Santa Fe Ring of Republican politicos though the partners were Irish, nominal Catholics, and Democrats. Chisum and his partner, Robert Wiley (Wylie) angered most of the smallers scale cattlemen and their cowboys, particularly around Seven Rivers, by grabbing up much public land in the Pecos Valley. But some small landholders, including local Hispanics, sided with Chisum because of the way "The House" (The House of Murphy) exploited them. It is, indeed, a complicated story.

Murphy gave way to Dolan, who controlled Sheriff William Brady and had the sympathy of local Army officers. After both Tunstall and McSween were killed, along with a number of the Kid's vigilante Regulators, the war should have ended with the Five-Day Battle of July 1878 in Lincoln. But feuding and gunfights continued, and the bandit gangs of Jesse Evans, Billy the Kid, and John Selman prolonged the violence and anarchy until Sheriff Pat Garrett finally shot the Kid in 1881.

Although his emphasis is on the role of the Pecos River's small ranchers, and especially the Beckwith family, Cramer's fine book provides us with an overview of the Lincoln County War beyond its "opening act," the Pecos (Range) War of 1877. He then follows all of the major participants in both camps, all the way to their eventual graves. Cramer's detective work, for example, fills us in on the details of the belated (1890) murder of Hugh Beckwith by Mexican bandidos near Presidio, Texas.

The author has fitted out his study with notes, bibliography, several maps, twenty-eight photographs (most unpublished until now), and art work by Tom Ryan and Walter Henn. The introduction is by the late, great, Midland, Texas, historian, J. Evetts Haley, whose notes of interviews in the 1920s and early 1930s with survivors of the range war supplied Dudley Cramer with much new material. Highly recommended.—*Richard H. Dillon, Mill Valley, California.*

Quanah Parker

The Last Comanche Chief: The Life and Times of Quanah Parker. By Bill Neeley. Wiley Press, 605 Third Avenue, New York, New York 10158. 276 pp, 28 photos. $16.95 paper bound.

Bill Neeley's biography presents the bifurcated life of a man whose striking achievement was to successfully bridge two worlds, Indian and Anglo. This well-written history, though it stresses repeatedly his sin-

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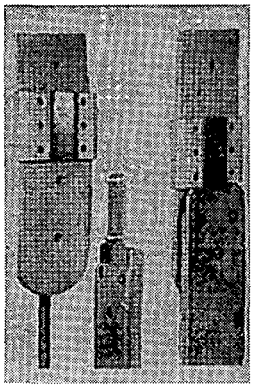
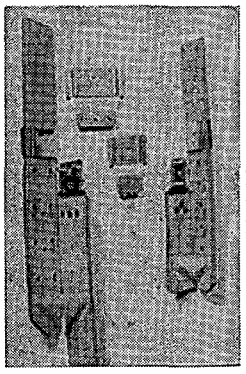
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gular ability to adapt and thrive in Anglo culture, does not offer up Quanah's experience in white society as his crowning achievement. Rather, the author gives equal weight to both sides of this man's remarkable existence, providing a balanced view of the Comanche warrior who became a peaceful, prosperous Texas rancher.

Part of that balance lies in Neeley's even-handed admiration for the warriors on both sides of the conflict over the Comancheria territory, a war that was going on when Quanah was born in 1850 and continued until Quanah and his people surrendered at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, in 1875. Comanche and Anglo-Celt fighters alike are characterized as brave and fiercely committed to their separate ends: the Comanche to driving the white interlopers from the Southern Plains, the settlers to fulfilling the Manifest Destiny they saw as their divine right. Neeley makes no apologies for either side, but instead draws parallels between their beliefs and behavior towards a greater understanding of each.

Even as he compares the prowess of the warriors, the author does not shy from descriptions of the atrocities perpetrated by both sides; neither does he lose sight of the suffering of the men, women and children caught in between. One of those innocent victims was Quanah's mother, Cynthia Ann Parker, the daughter of a Baptist farmer who was kidnapped by the Comanche during a raid on her family's newly-established fort in the Texas panhandle. By leading with the story of her capture and adoption by the Comanche people at the age of nine, Neeley sets up the structure of his narrative, a story that eventually will come full circle when Quanah surrenders to a life among his mother's people.

Many of the chapters in the first half of the book contain detailed battle stories, presumably because most firsthand encounters with Quanah were through combat until he was twenty-five years old. But the author explains the significance of each battle in the overall conflict, and also presents clearly the miscommunication and cultural ignorance on both sides that resulted in the bloodshed. The chapter depicting the 1840 massacre at the Council House in San Antonio is an object lesson in how "the mutual lack of understanding between Western-thinking whites and the men of the wilderness" exacerbated and prolonged the western range wars.

Neeley's simple style lets the drama of Quanah's story shine through on its own, but he skillfully builds tension with carefully constructed paragraphs. Firsthand accounts from primary sources are fascinating and well-placed throughout the book. When his meticulous research presents him with gaps, Neeley uses educated inferences to fill them in, drawing from a detailed knowledge of the history of the American West. In the foreword to the book, James M. Cox, Quanah's grandson and former chairman of the Comanche tribe, bestows the title of "Chatuhbohtuh," or "good writer," upon Neeley; to that title, the reader may add "good teacher."—*Stephanie Hainsfurther, Albuquerque, New Mexico.*

Another Texas Gunfighter

Mannen Clements: Texas Gunfighter, by Robert W. Stephens. Henington Publishing Co., 1996. Available from author at 2709 Amherst, Dallas, TX 75225; 98 pp, 13 photographs. $26.50 hard bound.

Mannen Clements, until now, has been only a peripheral character on the western scene, almost always spoken of in terms of being the favorite cousin of John Wesley Hardin, the subject of numerous recent biographies and novels. Thanks to the in depth research of Dallas historian Robert W. Stephens, Clements now emerges as a real individual who had problems similar to Hardin but who managed to control his actions to avoid becoming the bloody killer Hardin became. In so doing he created a life for himself as a real family man, but also chose to continue a lifestyle which prevented him from becoming an old man,

Born in Liberty County, Texas in 1845, the Clements family relocated to Gonzales County in 1858. It was from Gonzales County that Clements drove cattle to Kansas markets, experienced the difficulties surrounding the Sutton-Taylor feud of neighboring DeWitt County, and became entangled with acts of violence which caused him considerable legal problems. These problems involved charges of horse and cattle rustling as well as murder, although he came clear on all counts—at considerable expense in time and money.

Stephens has made a major contribution to the literature on Old West gunfighters, cattlemen, outlaws, and lawmen. He has taken a relatively obscure character and provided perhaps as near a full story of his life as possible. Unlike Hardin, who left not only many letters but an autobiography as well, Clements left a dim paper trail for the researcher to follow. Some important discoveries made by Stephens include Clements' Civil War record, information on David P. Baker, the Shadden brothers, the Patterson killing, and Joe Townsend, the man who killed Clements in a saloon difficulty. One important discovery is obtaining a photograph of Townsend, never before published. Stephens rounds out his biography of Mannen Clements with a brief synopsis of the lives of his immediate family, and here again, this is new material.

Stephens is best known for his earlier works on various Texas Rangers. He has now branched off into a new area of personalities. Hopefully, he will continue his work as he continues to make a positive contribution to the history of the west.—*Chuck Parsons, Yorktown, Texas.*

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What ever happened to...

Scott Thompson, Salt Lake City, Utah, has inquired about many western personalities and where they were buried. Some are easily determined by checking Jim Browning's *Violence Was No Stranger,* but others are impossible to say. Some people who we are interested in simply disappeared, and some we know generally where they are buried but can not say with certainty. Several examples will suffice:

Dallas Stoudenmire: Although killed in El Paso, Texas, on September 18, 1882, in a shooting brawl with the Manning brothers, he was not buried there. His remains were taken back to Columbus, Texas, but he was actually buried in Alleyton, just east of Columbus, Colorado County. Once a large boulder marked the grave, but with no inscribed marker the boulder was destroyed. Thus no one can say now which plot holds the remains of the famous El Paso marshal.

Author's collection

Etta Place

Etta Place: No one can say for sure if this was her real name, nor where and when she died, nor what caused her death. Thus her final fate is a mystery. We have one beautiful photograph of her which makes us want to know more about her as the photographer captured an air of mystery about her. The good news is that Gail Drago has published her research in a 1996 Republic of Texas Press book, *Etta*

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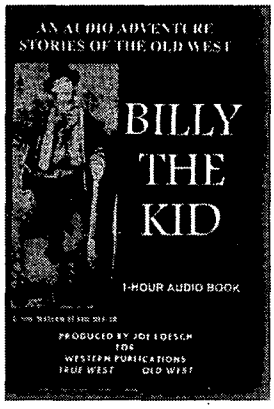

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Place: Her Life and Times with Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid and promises to keep researching as she is also anxious to solve the Etta Place mystery. She examines some theories which have been offered over the years. She died in the same San Vicente shoot out which claimed the lives of Butch and Sundance; she had earlier left the outlaw pair to go to Denver, Colorado, to have an appendectomy, or a baby, or an abortion; she joined up as a member of *Las Soldaderas*, supporters of Pancho Villa during the Mexican revolution; or maybe she lived to a ripe old age and died somewhere alone.

Author Drago writes: "Where she went after the San Vicente shootout remains a mystery, but when Sundance and Butch died that day...she surely lost a part of herself. This writer also guesses that Etta, too, never experienced old age. Inclined to put herself in danger, perhaps in some obscure Mexican town she died for a cause few remember, or by chance she lost her life at the hands of some Argentine who thrilled at his victory over her. Her passing probably brought no laurels, no fond farewells, no fleeting moment of victory."

Gail Drago continues her research and hopefully she will uncover some clue which will ultimately help us to determine just who Etta Place was, where and when she died, and where her remains lie today.

Robert A. Olinger: Killed by Billy the Kid on April 28, 1881, he was buried in the Fort Stanton, New Mexico, post cemetery. Apparently no one placed a marker on his grave at the time and today no one can say just where his remains are. The same is true for James W. Bell, also killed by the Kid on the same day during his famous escape from the Lincoln jail. Possibly both deputies were buried side by side.

Hardin History

Sometimes reading about one outlaw raises questions about others. Such is the case with Kitty Hardin Kidd, writing from Hendersonville, North Carolina. The question dealing with the Dixons, cousins of Wes Hardin, inspired her to write, inquiring about the origins of John Wesley Hardin. Where was he born? Who were his parents and their parents?

John Wesley Hardin was born May 26, 1853 near Bonham, Fannin County, Texas, the son of the Reverend James Gipson and Elizabeth Cartwright (Dixon) Hardin.

Wes' father had become a minister by the age of twenty-two, among the first to ride circuit in the Dallas, Texas, area. He met his wife-to-be during this time and the two were married on May 19, 1847. She was from Indiana.

The antecedents of Hardin do go back to North Carolina, his great-grandparents living and serving in various capacities in North Carolina during the American Revolution. With succeeding generations the line moved westward.

Two excellent sources on Hardin, besides his own autobiography, are *The Last Gunfighter* by the late Dr. Richard C. Marohn, and *John Wesley Hardin: Dark Angel of Texas* by Leon C. Metz.

Geronimo III

Some time back I had a question dealing with a man who claimed to be Geronimo III, the direct descendant of the famous Apache warrior. At the time I could locate nothing on him, but thanks to Britt W. Wilson, Banning, California, we have some good information. Mr. Wilson visited Geronimo III outside the Old Tucson movie studio set in Tucson, Arizona, in 1993. He allowed people to take his picture for money. He also had photos of actor-president Ronald Reagan and claimed to have worked on Reagan's ranch.

Ironically the man claiming to be Geronimo III lived in poverty, but when his remains were found after his death on February 11, 1995, $26,000 in cash was found among his effects.

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The obituary indicated his name was Kuth-Le, and that he was 110 years old. "Believed to have been born December 28, 1884 in Mescalero, New Mexico, and is a direct descendant of Chief Geronimo."

However, investigators discovered records indicating he was born December 29, 1903. Ellen Bigrope, curator of the Mescalero Apache Tribe's Cultural Center, indicated that all of Geronimo's real descendants were known but the man claiming to be Geronimo III. It could not be determined who he was. Generally historians discount the old man's claims and consider him in the same category as the Billy the Kids and Jesse James who were only someone wanting to be famous.

Bean's Bride

Back in the September 1996 "Answer Man" column I fielded a question about the relationship between Jose Antonio Navarro, signer of the Texas Declaration of Independence, and Virginia Chavez, the woman who married Judge Roy "Law West of the Pecos" Bean. In my column I stated that Virginia was the sister-in-law of Navarro's son.

Thanks to a genealogist who is also a *True West* reader, I stand corrected. According to her research, Maria Anastacia Virginia Chaves married Roy Bean. She was a cousin by marriage to Jose Antonio George Navarro, the son of the famous Navarro, thus not a sister-in-law. A special thanks to Ann Kelley of Fort Worth, Texas, for this information.

If you have a question, send it to Chuck Parsons, Western Publications, P.O. Box 2107, Stillwater, OK 74076. Please keep questions brief. Sign your full name and address, including zip code. Names will be published if question is used. Space limitations may not permit us to use all questions. Due to the volume of mail, we cannot forward correspondence to people whose questions appear in "Answer Man."

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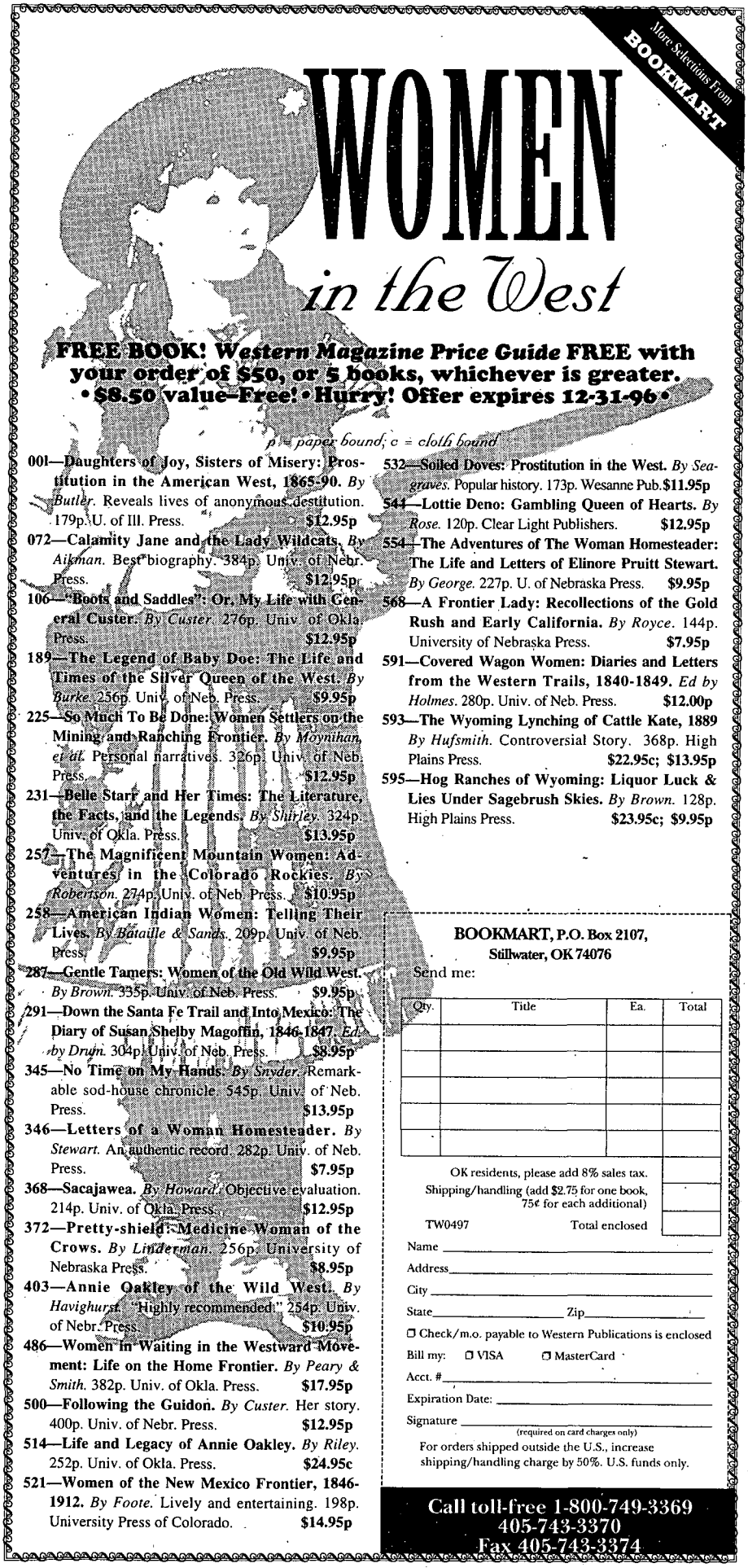

WILD OLD

Billy Mil

Editor's note: *From June 1, 1897, to October 15, 1914, Alfred James Mokler was the editor of the* Natrona County Tribune *in Wyoming. In that capacity, Mokler gathered many stories from the wild and woolly West that surrounded him. In 1927, the stories were collected and published as the* History of Natrona County Wyoming: 1888—1922. *One of these stories is retold here by historian Larry Underwood.*

It was April in Natrona County, Wyoming, and there was a hint of spring in the air. Dark had fallen over Center Street on Wednesday, April 3, 1895. Most everyone was off the streets, some engaged in a friendly game of poker. There was talk that the whole idea of gold mining on Casper Mountain had just about played out. Others spoke of Casper's first refinery. It was being built by the Pennsylvania Oil and Gas Company.

William Milne was not concerned about these happenings. He and a former business partner, the current mayor of Casper, Joel J. Hurt, were headed for a clash. How things fell into place probably surprised Milne more than anyone else involved in the happenings that Wednesday night in Casper.

Mayor Hurt had only returned to Casper about ten days ago. Six months earlier, the mayor had left town. He was not well, he claimed. He left Mrs. Hurt behind. She maintained their residence while her husband was absent.

For one reason or another, William Milne thought it a bad idea that Mrs. Hurt had to stay in that home alone. When he rode in off the range to stay in town, he stabled his horse in Hurt's barn. He even

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s Fatal Attraction

by Larry Underwood

Mayor Joel Hurt simply walked up behind William Milne on Center Street, tapped him on the shoulder and said, "Turn your face around."

made his home at Mayor Hurt's residence.

When the ailing mayor heard about this, he became even more ill. Then he became angry. He sent word that he didn't want his former business partner looking after his property; barn, house, or wife. Back in Casper, no one seemed to pay Hurt any heed. And when Hurt made threats, Milne answered by saying that he would do the threatening and Hurt would be the one that got injured in the affair.

IN THE MAY ISSUE OF *TRUE WEST*:

Lincoln's Avenger: Boston Corbett. **By William Jensen.** The killer of John Wilkes Booth may have had a shakier grasp on reality than the presidential assassin.

Lost Gold of La Tules. **By Ken Weiman.** A territorial gambling queen loses a fortune in gold coins in the hills of New Mexico, in the wake of a botched robbery.

True West Legends: Luke Short. **By Olivia Robinson.** Four page pullout details the life of this Kansas saloonkeeper/gambler.

Wanted: Dead or Alive. **by Allen P. Bristow** Frontier lawmen didn't want to hear about extra duties. But when money talked they listened.

Powder Springs, Outlaw Hideout. **By Donna B. Ernst.** Journey to this high lonesome hideout of the Wild Bunch and other notable outlaws.

Ben McCulloch: Shaping the West. **By Charles Sasser.** A frontiersman, Texas Ranger, and soldier leads the lone star state against Union forces.

Lieutenant Patton's Raid. **By Douglas V. Meed.** An eager young army officer named George Patton launches a small raid against Pancho Villa.

LOOK FOR THE MAY ISSUE OF *TRUE WEST* ON THE NEWSSTAND APRIL 1.

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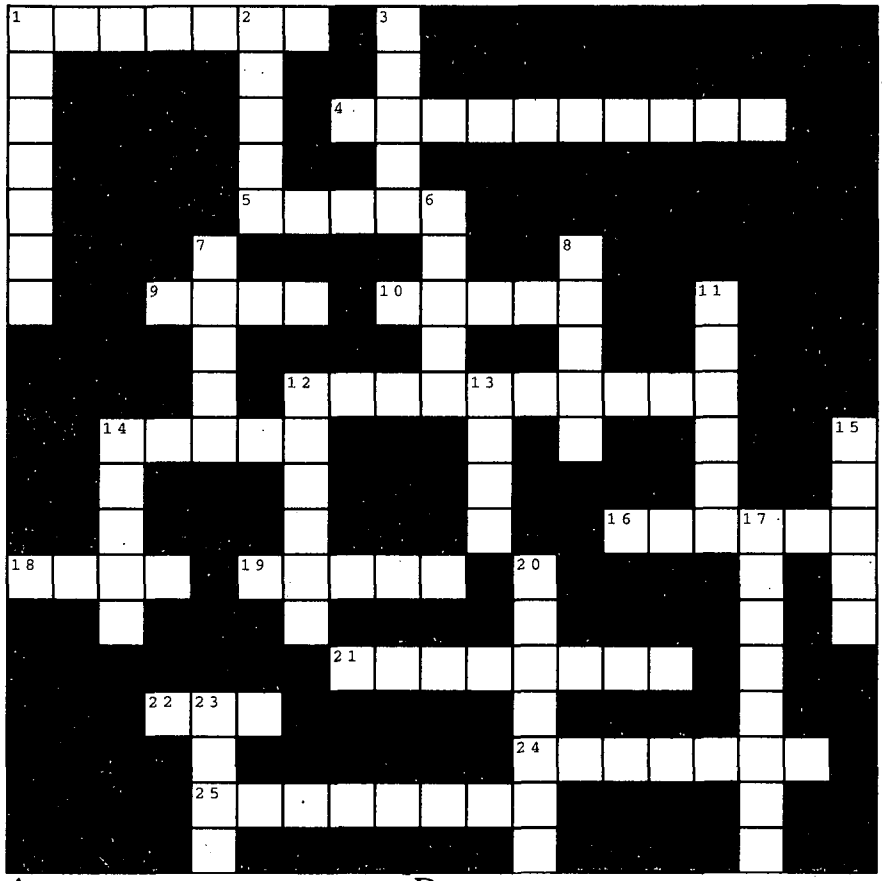


Across

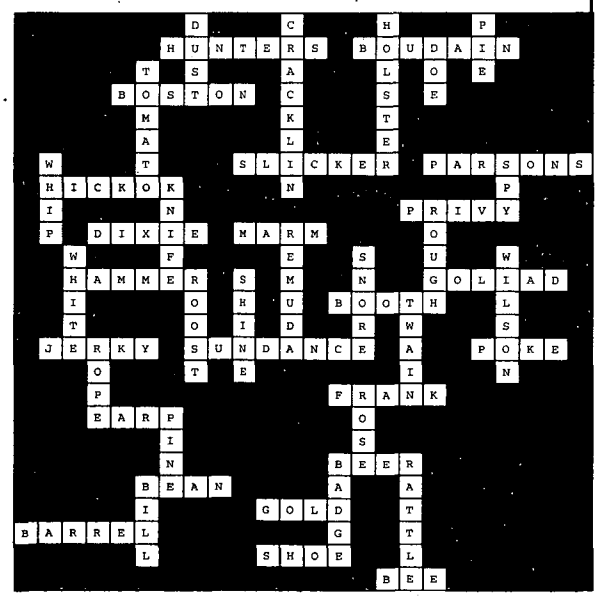
1. Hunted Bonney & Horn
4. Mountain man get-together
5. More herded than cattle
9. Lost Dutchman
10. Takes a pickin'
12. Home of *True West*
14. Played Wyatt in *My Darling Clementine*
16. Played Billy in *Left Handed Gun*
18. Riverman Mike ____
19. "Remember the ____"
21. Baked in a Dutch oven
22. ____ Bolin, Missouri psycho
24. Holliday's boyhood home
25. ____ Bill Goldsby

Down

1. *Dangerous Trails* author
2. Greasy ____ (Little Bighorn)
3. "Johnny-behind-the-____"
6. Fancy pistol grips
7. Made a great shot at Adobe Walls
8. *Bad Blood* author
11. The "Texas Rattlesnake"
12. Only thing between you and your horse
13. ____ shack (Cowboy hangout)
14. Spark stone
15. Hoarhound, taffy, or rock sugar
17. Leads the herd
20. Cole, Bob, or Jim
23. Crazy

Solution in next month's True West

Solution to the March puzzle



The showdown came after dark on April 3. It wasn't a very typical gunfight. Mayor Joel Hurt simply walked up behind William Milne on Center Street, tapped him on the shoulder and said, "Turn your face around."

The two men backed away from each other. They were nine feet apart when Hurt put his pistol to work. Milne saw the muzzle flash, then felt the hammer-like blow to his left arm. Despite this, he had the presence of mind to get under his coat and bring out his pistol. Milne got off his first shot at about the same time that Hurt fired his second. Hurt was not hit. Milne took the second bullet in the heart.

All of this had taken place in front of the Senate Saloon. The wounded Milne turned and ran into the saloon. The stunned patrons had heard the shots and weren't sure whether to run out the back or satisfy their curiosity. Before they could move, Milne said, "My God, I'm shot," and fell dead on the floor of the saloon.

The preliminary hearing took place the following Saturday. The charge was manslaughter and Mayor Hurt was released on $5,000 bond. The trial was held in Casper in May, Judge Hayford presiding. The judge instructed the jury that the defendant was not guilty if he "was acting from the instinct of self preservation." He added, however, that Hurt had no right to take vengeance into his own hands and slay the man who had wronged him. Continuing, the judge told the jury, "If you believe from the evidence that as a result of these wrongs and of brooding over them this defendant was wrought up into a condition of frenzy and emotional insanity which rendered him irresponsible for his acts, the defendant is entitled to a verdict of acquittal at your hands." The jury was out for five minutes. Mayor Hurt was found not guilty for reasons of "emotional insanity."

Before long, Hurt recovered. As far as is known, he lived happily ever after.

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CORRECTION: The Westco ad which appeared in the January and February 1997 issues of True West should have been headed: Fluted Clovis Points, Cherokee Dream. The word "points" was misspelled. True West regrets the error.

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SAM DREBEN: "The Fighting Jew"

By Art Leibson

According to Damon Runyon, "Sam Dreben was the bravest, the gentlest, the courtliest man I ever knew. But beneath the velvet of his demeanor was the iron of a warrior soul. They called him 'The Fighting Jew.'" Nevertheless, no more unlikely hero ever arrived on the American scene. Short, speaking in a guttural voice, he landed in New York at age eighteen broke and looking for a military career. As a stopgap he took a job in an uncle's Philadelphia tailor shop. Within a few weeks he enlisted in the army and was shipped to the Philippines where the U.S. was fighting off an insurrection in the wake of the Spanish-American War. In the Philippine campaign Sam embarked on a military career that included three hitches in the Army, one of which included a tour of duty in China during the Boxer Rebellion. It was in the Philippines, however, that he drew the attention of a man who was to become a good personal friend and admirer, Captain John J. (Black Jack) Pershing.

During one of his enlistments, Sam became a machine gunner, a profession he practiced in a number of Latin American revolutions. As a member of Pancho Villa's celebrated Golden Guards, he was pointed out by Villa as the only American he trusted. But Dreben was also a chief scout for Pershing when he led an expedition into Mexico to capture or kill Villa after the bandido raided Columbus, New Mexico. In all Sam fought under ten different flags.

In El Paso, Texas, Sam made and lost a fortune in mining stocks before joining a local outfit at America's entrance into World War I. Dreben's valorous service in Europe won the Distinguished Service Cross, the Croix de Guerre and the Medaille Militaire. Returning to the United States, Dreben found his family and business badly disrupted but that didn't stop him from seeking high adventure across the Rio Grande in Juarez. Emerging from that conflict slightly infirm, he moved to California. There, while being treated by a physician, Sam received a wrong injection and his wildly challenging life of adventure ended at age forty-six.

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DR. GOODFELLOW: Physician to the Gunfighters, Scholar, and Bon Vivant

By Don Chaput

George Goodfellow was a medical professional, not only at home in the primitive operating facilities of Tombstone and Bisbee, but also in lecture halls and prestigious hospitals of San Francisco and Los Angeles. His medical daring-do and accomplishments led to appointments, such as the first Arizona Territorial Health and Quarantine Officer, chief surgeon to the Southern Pacific Railroad, and during the Spanish-American War, in Cuba, he was personal physician to General William Shafter.

For those familiar with Goodfellow's name, "surgeon to the gunfighters" is probably the phrase that first comes to mind. This he was, par excellence, for he performed surgery on dozens of gunshot victims, results of saloon brawls, mining claim affrays, or quarrels between dueling cowboys and townsfolk in Bisbee, Tucson, and Tombstone. He operated successfully on U.S. Deputy Marshal Virgil Earp, but could only watch as Morgan Earp died of gunshot wounds on a Tombstone billiard hall floor.

Goodfellow was always in the middle of action. When a literary society was formed in Tombstone, he was one of the founders. When new mining or ranching properties were being developed, Goodfellow was on hand as a participant or as a surgeon. He was familiar with every gambling hall in Tombstone and Tucson, and not as an onlooker. George drank, gambled, had affairs, and was occasionally involved in fist fights — once in a stabbing.

Although Goodfellow died a relatively young man, he packed into half a century the accomplishments of a half dozen individuals. He had a varied career, and apparently enjoyed life to the fullest.

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THE DEVIL HAS FORECLOSED: The Private Journal of George Whitwell Parsons, Volume II The Concluding Arizona Years, 1882-1887

Feb. 1997 publication

Transcribed, edited, annotated, and indexed by Lynn R. Bailey

By 1883 the chronicler of Tombstone's turbulent years, George Whitwell Parsons, was no longer a tenderfoot. He was a knowledgeable mining man, savvy to the rigors and dangers of frontier living. His transition from San Francisco banker to diehard frontiersman is evident in his journals from 1883 until he left Arizona early in 1887. Here, for the first time in published form, is presented Parsons' struggles in Sonora, first trying to establish a quartz mill, then eking out an existence managing a company store in Nacosari, and finally plunging into gold mining in the nearby mountains which bankrupted him and forced his return to Tombstone.

Like Parsons, Tombstone was about to undergo adverse times, and fortunately George was there to record events. A rapid succession of calamities brought economic chaos to the town: mines were flooded, a bank collapsed, newly-installed pumping equipment failed, miners struck, and the price of silver fell forcing a shutdown of mining. If that was not enough, burning of the Grand Central hoist brought Tombstone to its knees. As George observed, it looked like the Devil had foreclosed.

There is more in this journal than just Tombstone's tribulations. Parsons gives his personal views upon Apache raiding, the merits of George Crook versus Nelson Miles. He was on hand to witness the introduction of heliograph to military operations and watched as members of Geronimo's band straggled toward Fort Bowie. His account of events along the Sonoran border, ranching activities in the Sulphur Spring Valley, and mining at Arivaca are incomparable. If you have Parsons' earlier journal you'll want this volume. This book is designed as a companion volume to *A Tenderfoot In Tombstone*, 6 x 9-inch format, 275 pages, printed endsheets and dust jacket in color. Augmenting the text are two interviews of George Parsons relative to events transpiring in the journal. As this edition is limited to 750 copies we suggest you reserve your's now. **Price: $36.95**

BOSQUE REDONDO: The Navajo Internment at Fort Sumner, New Mexico, 1863-68

March 1997 publication

By Lynn R. Bailey

The scorched earth policy of General James H. Carleton and Kit Carson destroyed Navajo subsistence, broke up family units, and brought quick results. Within months more than 8,000 Indians had surrendered to be carted and marched to Fort Sumner upon the Pecos River in east-central New Mexico. There, upon a forty mile square reserve known as Bosque Redondo, tribesmen lived for nearly five years. From 1863 until 1868 they obeyed military dictates as Carleton attempted to alter social structure and train tribesmen to live and interact like Pueblo peoples. However, this pastoral people, who had lived for generations in family groups, possessed no patterns for communal living on the scale envisioned by the military. The result was that regimentation created social stress that manifested itself in numerous ways, ranging from physical conflict among tribesmen, abandonment of the reservation by some Indians, and escapism through the practice of witchcraft. Adding to the pain of social upheaval and isolation, the Navajos suffered disease and starvation, as well as from raids by Plains Indians. In the end, the entire experiment collasped and the Navajos pleaded to be returned to their homeland.

From voluminous records of the U.S. Army and the Office of Indian Affairs, Mr. Bailey has drawn the documentation to detail a fascinating period of Navajo history. He does not stop there; reasons for the success of the Carleton-Carson campaign are presented, the several routes of the so-called Long Walk are traced, and social upheaval at Bosque Redondo is explored in light of current knowledge, as is army and civilian ineptitude, and the struggle between military leaders and Office of Indian Affairs officials for control of Indian policy. This attractive hard cover book is produced in 5½ x 8½-inch format, contains 275 pages, 20 photos, maps and diagrams, notes, bibliography, and index. Dust jacket in color. Edition limited to 1,000 copies. **Price: $26.95**

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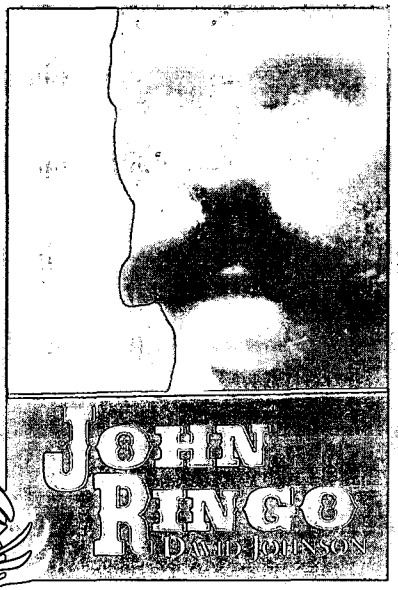

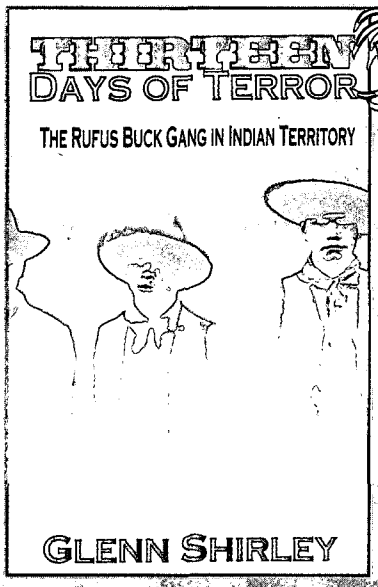

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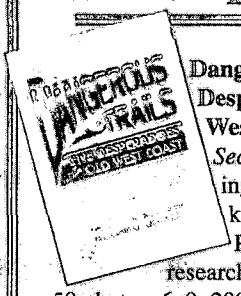

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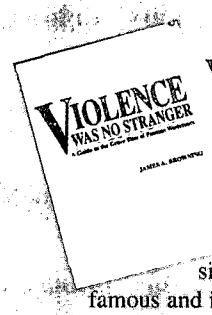

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